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DANIEL K. WHITAKER,
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have on hand a number of favors from our attentive correspondents, which shall be attended to.

THE *draft* made upon some of our hands, must apologise for the lateness of our appearance on the present month.

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[No. 6.

ON MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

THE department of general science usually recognized by the title of Medical Jurisprudence, may, with great propriety, be considered as of decided and absorbing importance. Its acknowledged and undoubted antiquity—its extensive applicability—its utility as an indispensable agent in the promotion and maintenance of human happiness—its universal prosecution as a necessary branch of acquirement by intelligent men every where, and the countenance which it has invariably received from enlightened governments in every age since the period of its origination; are all abundantly corroborative of the justice of this remark. The permanent establishment of its doctrines, therefore, on safe, humane and judicious principles, should assuredly be considered a subject of positive, if not of paramount, interest and necessity.

That it is one which, in its operations, involves the welfare of whole communities, does not admit of doubt, since (as its name purports) it embraces within its compass a combination of truths derived from two distinct and well established divisions of science; each of which respectively exerts a direct influence over the very constitution of society, as well as the security of its institutions. Independently of the sympathies to be aroused in the bosoms of the compassionate—the domestic relationships to be disturbed—the ties of parental and filial affection to be severed, and the individual suffering to be attributable to misconception and consequent misjudgment, arising from ignorance of this species of medico-legal information on the part of those who should be intimately conversant with the same; a gross imposition may be continually practised upon the credulity of some, the indifference of others, and the feelings of all; which might readily be obviated, were the fundamental principles even of medical jurisprudence, but superficially comprehended by the generality of individuals. We are not to be understood as implying that absolute familiarity with this subject, should be attained by all. This would of necessity be a matter of choice. Still, inasmuch, as far as communities are concerned, each individual member of the same holds no inconsiderable stake in the results, either immediate or ultimate, which may follow the decision of such medico-legal questions; it is of no ordinary import that the truths on which such decisions are founded, should be as well appreciated by them, as by others.

It is, however, to the medical as well as legal philosopher most especially, that it becomes not only an object of vital importance, but one

demanding profound investigation. To the well bred and conscientious physician, it at once offers ready and extensive opportunities for contributing to the necessities of humanity; while it in reality constitutes a branch of his profession, with which to be accurately familiar, is not the least of the arduous duties he is imperiously called on to fulfil. To the well informed jurist, likewise, it is pre-eminently necessary, since, although precedents in many cases replete with information, are to be gleaned from authorities, occasions are constantly occurring in which, from a deficiency of such knowledge, as may, in such cases, be requisite for the elucidation of novel, discrepant and contested points, not coming within the scope of either law or medicine, yet dependent for solution on a combination of determined principles in both; the most inconsistent, nay, unjust decisions, may be arrived at by otherwise erudite judges.

As important, nevertheless, as this branch of education undoubtedly is, and as urgent as its acquisition is acknowledged to be, yet it is not to be denied that in no country is medical jurisprudence more imperfectly understood and appreciated, or more superficially cultivated, than in the United States, and in the Southern States especially. The most abstruse, as well as less intricate sciences, are carefully investigated and minutely studied, while this, amongst others equally interesting and useful, is almost totally neglected. Professorships designed solely for its elucidation, are to be met with, not only in foreign universities, but even in those in the northern portions of our own country, while the South stands alone in her isolated supineness in this, as in other matters, equally involving her real welfare and interest. That adequate and efficient measures, therefore, which may be calculated to amend this deficiency, should be promptly taken by those who are entrusted with the *advancement of education in our own State at least*, we trust, will not, for an instant, be disputed, *by those who have her literary character and reputation at heart*. We are very far from presuming that an effort, such as the present, will, in any degree, conduce to the consummation of this very desirable end. Fully satisfied, however, of the value of at least a hasty suggestion, we have thought it *not unadvisable*, at this time, to offer the following desultory remarks to *their* consideration.

Medical Jurisprudence, Legal, Judicial or Juridical Medicine, State Medicine, Forensic Medicine and Medical Police, are titles which have, at various times, been given to the subject under consideration. The first of these is by far the most generally used, and is decidedly the most applicable. Medical Jurisprudence has been defined by Paris and Fonblanche to be 'that science, by which medicine and its collateral branches are made subservient to the construction, elucidation and administration of the laws, and to the preservation of the public health.' Beck, of New-York, has defined it to be 'that science which applies the principles and practice of medicine to the elucidation of doubtful questions in courts of justice.' Either of these are sufficient to convey a general idea of our subject. They are, nevertheless, imprecise, inasmuch as they imply the possibility of the application of medical principles to all purposes of law; whereas this applicability, although extensive as we have said, is only referable to certain questions, however elaborately these may be evolved.

The science, by the generality of writers, has been properly divided into forensic medicine, or that which comprehends the discussion of such points of evidence or opinion as are necessary to be given in courts of justice and medical police, or that which relates to the enactment and enforcement of laws necessary to the preservation of public health.

This combination of medical and legal science for certain purposes, is unquestionably of great antiquity. That its institution was not only coeval with the earliest existence of civil society, but that its origin bears date long antecedent to this period, may be proved by reference to both sacred and profane authorities. The injunctions of the Jewish lawgiver, for the era in which they originated, are certainly to be considered as at least a wise code of medical police, in so much as relates to the preservation of public morals and health. We find evidences of this in the third Book of Moses, where commands are given to the priests in relation to infected districts and dwellings which may have been liable to contaminations from the contagious diseases of their inmates, establishing quarantine regulations in the former, and purifications in the latter case. In later times we discover, amongst the religious ordinances of the Hindoos, as Mill, in his history of British India details, the same influence exercised by the Bramins over the public health, by the institution of salutary regulations. According to Plutarch, the Egyptians were constrained by similar ordinances, while the Romans, during the domination of Numa Pompilius, even at this early period, acknowledged the sway of medicine, as controlling the construction of many of their laws, in the phrase 'Propter auctoritatem doctissimi Hippocratis,' to be met with in their legal decisions.

The Emperor Adrian, in some of his legislative enactments, was, without doubt, governed by the opinions of the medical philosophers of his day, as Foderé has affirmed. Instances of medico-legal facts occur also in the works of the Roman historians. The post mortem examination of the body of Julius Cæsar by Antistius, as well as that of the Emperor Germanicus, are evidences of the same. The Justinian code contains likewise repeated allusions to the influence of medical over legal science, and even at the present day many of these are incorporated in modern codes of law. These isolated examples are sufficient to show that the science dates from the very earliest existence of the establishment of laws, and although its rude and frequently inconsistent ordinances were, in many cases, tinctured by popular prejudice, or subjected to the thraldom of superstition and ignorance; yet it is evident that such a combination existed between the then embryo sciences of law and medicine, during even those early times, for similar purposes and for the attainment of the same object, which characterize the modern systems of medical jurisprudence.

In more recent times, about the year 1532, the Caroline code, a body of criminal laws, enacted during the reign of Charles V. of Germany, constituted the first public act by which medical science was recognized as instrumental in the framing of laws. The opinions of medical philosophers, by this code, were rendered necessary to the sound administration of public justice, and it was ordained that they should be consulted in all cases of death by violent means. This recognition of the import-

ance of medical knowledge in the decision of such questions very naturally instigated a similar acknowledgment from other legislative bodies, and as naturally originated an impulse amongst the members of this profession, which induced many to enter upon investigations which had hitherto claimed but superficial attention. Accordingly, from the year 1689 to the present time, various publications on subjects connected with medical jurisprudence have at different times appeared.

The first of these emanated from the German press at Amsterdam, (an evidence of the high and exalted literary character which that country has universally maintained, and for which she still stands pre-eminent) by John Bohn, entitled 'De Renunciatione Vulnerum,' a work, however, more particularly adapted to medical than medico-legal subjects. Soon after, from the same pen, appeared another publication, in which was detailed rules for the conduct of physicians in giving evidence in courts of justice. Subsequently to these, may be enumerated the productions of Valentine, Boerner, Zittman, Stark and others, all of whom under the different titles already alluded to, by which medical jurisprudence was recognized, laboriously and elaborately discussed the utility of medicine in the assistance it afforded in the construction and maintenance of the laws. Amongst the writers of a still later period in this country, who contributed largely to the improvement of German literature on this subject, the high authorities of Plenck, Haller, Loder, Knappe and Koppe, are eminently distinguished. The last of these published his work in 1806. Thus it will be seen how decided and energetic was the impulse imparted to the investigation and promotion of medico-legal enquiries by the simple recognition by governments of its value and importance.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, medical jurisprudence excited no inconsiderable attention in Italy. The first publication on this subject, owed its existence to the pen of Fortunatus Fidelis, and was entitled 'De Relationibus Medicorum.' He was succeeded by many others, of whom we would particularize Bonaventura, Ramazini, Beccaria, Fortosa and Caldani. The most remarkable Italian production, however, was that of Paul Zacchias, which, for perspicacity and erudition, considering the period at which it was written, was regarded as undoubtedly a very extraordinary work. The earlier Italian writers, nevertheless, were by no means to be compared with their contemporaries amongst the Germans.

In France, the incorporation of law and medicine bears date about the time of Francis I. It was, however, held in but little estimation until the enactment of the celebrated Caroline code by Charles of Germany, at the Diet of Ratisbon. A spirit of jealousy was then excited, and the pride of the French government was aroused. Energetic measures were planned and adopted. Physicians were ordered to be summoned to give evidence in disputed cases in the courts and by the statutes of Henry IV. in 1606, and Louis in 1667, special individuals were empowered by letters patent, to make themselves intimately conversant with the principles and practice of juridical medicine, whose sanction was thus rendered requisite to the validity of all reports on this subject. Ambrose Paré published the first work on the same in 1575, which was

for nearly a century regarded as standard authority, until it was superseded in 1650, '84 and '93, by the more useful and accurate productions of Gendri, Blegni and Deveaux. The eighteenth century was that, however, in which, in this country, medical jurisprudence was most successfully cultivated, and France will ever be indebted to the celebrated Louis for the flood of light which he threw on this interesting investigation in 1788. He was followed by Petit and Bougart, Lafosse, Chaussier and Mahon, while these in turn gave place to Vigné, Fautrel, Belloc and Orfila. In 1813 appeared Foderé's very elaborate work, which is now considered as the highest standard authority on medico-legal subjects.

Such is the history succinctly stated, of the origin and progress of the science in Germany, Italy and France. In England, previous to 1788, no especial work was published save that of Dr. Farre, which was rather a translation than an original production. This was succeeded by the writings of Robertson, Gordon Smith, Percival, Hunter, Mead and Haslam. In 1803, the first professorship of medical jurisprudence was established by the government in the University of Edinburgh, to which Dr. Duncan was invited. The science has been subsequently taught by various lecturers, amongst whom may be enumerated Smith and Elliotson. It will be seen, however, that its prosecution was by no means characterized by the same untiring labor and exertion in this as in other countries, and for this English savants have received no inconsiderable share of condemnation. The acknowledged authority in that country at this time is a work by Paris and Fonblanque, a production alike remarkable for humane views, great research and comparatively sound physiology.

In our own country the science has been allowed to languish for want of sufficient energy and zeal. The efforts which have been made in order to its advancement have, we regret to say, been but partial. By our northern brethren something, nevertheless, has been done, for which the country stands indebted. The subject was first publicly discussed by the distinguished father of medicine in the United States, Dr. Rush, in the year 1810, and Dr. Thomas Cooper, now of this State, in 1819 compiled a volume, embracing the isolated writings of Farre, Dease, Male and Haslam. Subsequently to this, Dr. Stringham, of New-York, demonstrated the utility and importance of the subject under consideration. He has been followed by Drs. Caldwell and Francis, of the same city, and by Beek, who published, in 1823, at Albany.

Such is the brief extent to which this science has been pursued in this country. In some of our Northern institutions its principles are now indeed regularly taught. But amongst our Southern schools we find it neither sufficiently estimated nor publicly investigated. That its value is not fully appreciated at least by those who are well informed or who have reflected attentively, we cannot believe. We are confident that of these none are to be found, who would not candidly acknowledge it to be highly requisite and worthy of acquirement. It cannot be considered an excuse to say, that inasmuch as cases in which such information becomes necessary, occur but seldom, that for this reason attention should be directed to other and weightier subjects in science. Such an argu-

ment is no apology for the striking deficiency which characterizes the medical as well as legal profession generally. Neither can we, for an instant, credit the supposition, that ability and Southern talent are inadequate to its successful prosecution as a branch of medical education at least. Why then has it been allowed to remain so long unnoticed, if not unknown? Why are not arrangements made in our institutions by which such public information may be dispensed as shall be profitable to all such as may be disposed to reap the advantage? This, we apprehend, is a matter for the serious consideration of those in whose hands the advancement of education is reposed; and we sincerely trust that not a long period shall elapse ere the necessary steps are entered upon for this desirable purpose.

But in order that the value of medical jurisprudence as a branch of science may be placed in a still stronger point of view, let us briefly examine somewhat into the principles on which it is not only based, but to which it, in a great measure, owes much of its high reputation. The present occasion does not admit of that elaborate discussion which it undoubtedly merits. We must content ourselves, therefore, with adverting to a few general particulars.

It has always been a matter of difficulty with authors on this subject, so to classify and arrange the multiplied topics which naturally arise in its discussion, as that perspicacity and precision should characterize their labors. This must, indeed, necessarily follow in all such investigations, where not alone fundamental doctrines are numerous and of great diversity, but where their application also is necessary to an almost infinitude of cases. In most of the departments of natural science, it is possible to establish a certain number of general principles bearing axiomatical accuracy, which may be available in degree to the elucidation of the majority of instances. And again, however numerous the objects of each branch may be, they are all, nevertheless, remarkable for proportional relationship. Not so with medical jurisprudence. For independently of the versatility and novelty of the many matters which it embraces, it is evident that inasmuch as it consists of an amalgamation of principles derived from two sciences, otherwise avowedly distinct and independent, to arrange such a digest of these as shall be notable for order and simplicity, must be attended by more than ordinary difficulty.

But if a classification be thus unattainable from a joint consideration of its constituent branches, it is not less so, if for this purpose an effort be made with a view to its establishment on purely legal grounds, as Plenck and Fortosa, and many others, have fruitlessly attempted. Be these in themselves ever so precise and determinate, still instances are constantly presenting, offering varieties of character and points of decision to which these are applicable only in part, and, furthermore, are incapable of being decided without the intervention of established medical truths. Neither is it possible that any accurate digest could result from a distribution of subjects under certain distinct jurisdictions, for it will be found liable to discussion in one as well as another. As an instance, insanity as interfering with the management or disposition of estates, must be determined on before a civil tribunal, while in a case of

murder, the soundness of the murderer's intellect can only be proved before a criminal tribunal.

So also the same inconveniences await an arrangement on grounds purely physiological or pathological. Any attempt, therefore, at systematic classification, must be accompanied by almost insurmountable obstacles. An approach may be made, however, to the same, by pursuing the following method of enquiry.

In the examination of any one of the multiplied topics embraced by the science, the primary object should be the establishment of its consistency with the principles of medicine. The various questions arising out of its consideration, as well as its variety of character and appearance, should all be reconcilable to, and capable of, being explained by its acknowledged laws and doctrines. It is true, that unlike the mathematical sciences, medicine cannot be considered ascertain and demonstrable. Yet it is not to be denied that many of its truths are firmly and undoubtedly self-evident; and, inasmuch as it excites the greatest degree of control over the decisions to be arrived at, so should it be invariably appealed to in the first instance. In questions involving medico-legal inquiry, the opinions of the judges, the argument of the counsel, and the ultimate verdict of the jury, at least in criminal cases, are all alike dependent on this appeal. Indeed the whole subject of criminal responsibility is founded alone upon the medical evidence and opinion given. And hence, without the previous intervention of physiological and pathological examination, adequate testimony cannot be obtained. Thus, in the instance of lunacy or insanity, so vaguely understood by barristers in general as regards its medical characteristics, how obvious is this necessity? Perhaps in no case is a wider field furnished for unjust execution of the laws. We find it urged in plea of exemption from almost every penalty, while the ends of justice are constantly counteracted, and the perpetration of crime as constantly countenanced by the ready facility with which it can be adduced in bar of execution. Now it may be alleged with respect to insanity, that as so much difficulty attends the accurate description and definition of the same, it is next to impossible, with the best medical evidence even at hand, that the law should be faithfully and impartially administered. We are aware that this has been advanced by our own jurists as a formidable obstacle. Abundant material, however, is not wanting were it but attentively sought after. Mental alienation must indeed be acknowledged to be a subject of consummate intricacy to the physician himself. Yet its various phases as comprised under its no less varied forms, are to a great extent, in this as in other diseases, clearly comprehended, and may be as accurately described. In cases involving, therefore, the previous consideration of its proper characteristics, as well as in others, such information should be primarily sought for. Every advantage which the science of medicine may afford should be embraced, and in this manner one important step may be achieved towards such an arrangement of the principles of medical jurisprudence, as shall contribute materially to the better appreciation of its high value and excellence.

Having established the actual character of the case as influenced by, as well as its conformity with, the precepts and principles of medicine,

the necessity of which must be regarded as evident, the next object of the investigator should be the determination of the question which naturally arises—How can the same be brought with propriety before a judicial tribunal?

In the examination of this point, various considerations touching criminal responsibility present themselves. Instances may occur, in which although at first sight it would seem beyond doubt that legal investigation is demanded, yet upon evidence, authority and precedent, the reverse may with propriety be proved. Thus if an individual be indicted for a heinous crime and it be found that he be an idiot, he must be discharged of the indictment. Again, if he be a lunatic, at times, therefore, experiencing lucid intervals, he should not be arraigned, but when so temporarily restored, or until entirely in possession of sound understanding. And again, if there be undoubted evidence of confirmed and irremediable insanity at the time of the commission of the crime, his trial should proceed in order to his acquittal and enlargement. Now although it may be sufficient that an individual be found in either of these states by inquisition in chancery, to entitle him to equitable protection, still, as regards the commission of crime, it is farther to be considered, that, inasmuch as partial insanity sometimes occurs, during which the individual, however he may be disqualified to manage his estates or dispose of the same, may, nevertheless, be possessed of an accurate sense of right and wrong in criminal matters, so should he be undoubtedly made responsible for his acts. Limited insanity, therefore, may not excuse murder. In such cases, then, the actual existence of each of these states, and the extent to which they are available in bar of execution, must be previously considered and determined on, before the matter can be judged of before any tribunal.

But apart from these grounds, as regards criminal responsibility, others involving other liabilities offer themselves. Thus in questions arising from injuries inflicted on the person, but not necessarily eventuating in the extinction of life, as also in those implying disqualifications for the discharge of social or civil functions, much must be previously decided before the case may be *judged fit for judicial investigation*. In the former, as well as in the latter instances, a variety of consistencies must be arrived at, with reference to both medical and legal relationships. Precedents must be adduced, authorities must be consulted, and each individual and isolated issue must be remarkable for its concordance with approved and established principles in law, before it may be rendered under its appropriate jurisdiction.

Such are the two most prominent aspects under which medico-legal investigations are to be considered, with a view to the establishment of certain principles in relation to medical jurisprudence. It will be perceived that, as a general order of enquiry, it furnishes the groundwork upon which such questions may be most consistently examined, and although it has been but succinctly and imperfectly pointed out, still it must be allowed to present equal facilities with other plans, and moreover is in accordance with reason and the actual objects of the science. The discussion of the principles of our subject might be much more elaborately entered on, but the object of this paper is simply that of eliciting

ing attention and exciting interest in behalf of a branch of education which has been, and still continues to be, but imperfectly appreciated in our portion of this confederacy.

We have then briefly adverted to the merits of medical jurisprudence in two of its most important lights—its antiquity and its applicability. It remains for us to offer a few cursory remarks, in accordance with our design, which may, perhaps, serve as an inducement to its acquisition by those most interested in its promotion and prosecution. We allude to the physician and the jurist. We have no hesitation in believing that if the importance of the science in the abstract were proposed to either of these for decision, an unequivocal reply would be furnished in its favor. Nay, we would venture the assertion that an unqualified encomium would be candidly pronounced. But it is more than questionable, if indeed such be their conviction, whether the great mass of the professors of either of these branches, however they may be proficient in other departments appertaining to each, ever permit the same to exercise that salutary influence which should prompt them to its thorough acquirement. Years of toilsome, tedious and tantalizing research on other subjects connected with their respective avocations, may be cheerfully expended by them, for the purpose of laying the basis of an enduring reputation, while this alone, so interesting and useful in itself and constituting, as it unquestionably does, not an unimportant pillar in the fabric they would construct, shall be superficially regarded if not wholly unnoticed and unheeded. It would seem that the impulses of benevolence alone should be a sufficiently urgent argument against such singular indifference. With respect to the professor of the ‘divine art,’ such an incentive should at least be conspicuously powerful. In the language of the so justly venerated Dr. Rush, ‘humanity has been a prominent virtue amongst physicians in all ages and countries,’ and we have before observed, that medical jurisprudence, when viewed in relation to its high value and extensive applicability, most evidently unfolds the amplest resources for contributing to the amelioration of human happiness and the alleviation of human misery. It would surely be unpardonable, then, that the members of this profession, amongst us at least, should longer omit embracing an opportunity so pregnant with facilities, by which the dignity and utility of medicine may be so advantageously maintained.

Throughout the whole range of subjects which naturally come under the investigation of the branch of science we have been considering, there are none destitute of interest to the conscientious medical professor. Involving, as the great majority of them do, not only the reputation and happiness but the very lives of individuals, it is impossible that the subject should be treated, if at all reflected on, either superficially or inadvertently. The undoubted influence, indeed, which medicine exercises over its permanent establishment on safe, humane and judicious principles already hinted at, offers one of the most prominent stimuli to its ardent prosecution on his part. It is undeniable that apparently insuperable obstacles oppose themselves to its perfect attainment and development, arising out of the nature of the multiplied cases to be decided and discussed. Questions of consummate physiological as well

as pathological intricacy must be resolved, which have long been, to the physician himself, matters of profound yet comparatively fruitless research and enquiry. But the lights of science are not dimmed. Her volumes are still unclosed. Mind is not yet annihilated. Example and experience and excitement are not deficient. Talent and ability are abundant, and assuredly these are fully competent to enable the ardent enquirer after truth to surmount each and every difficulty which may oppose his progress.

On the ground of humanity alone, however, that master virtue of the physician, apart from every other consideration, is he solemnly called upon to devote his utmost energies to this subject. We are not disposed to award it an elevation superior to that of all others. But from a candid and impartial estimate of its benefits and its excellencies, as well as from the control which medical science exerts over its permanence and future usefulness, we would endeavor to create such an interest in its behalf as should contribute materially to its exaltation from its present humbled condition in this country. Motives such as these, then, should not be unheeded. We appeal, therefore, to the conscientious convictions which their stations in society impress, to the reason, the humanity, the patriotism, but, above all, to the high sense of moral obligation for which the members of the medical profession are as proverbially eminent as others, under the firm assurance that our appeal shall not be in vain, however imperfect or unreserved it may seem.

If such, then, be the exalted motives which should undoubtedly influence the physician, they are not less urgent as regards the legal aspirant who would consistently lay claim to the faithful discharge of his professional duties and the well merited reputation of a profound and eminent jurist. Independently, however, of the reasons which have been advanced, there are others with reference to the professors of law most particularly, which, in this place, may not be overlooked.

Amongst the first of these, is the unlimited confidence which will be reposed, universally, by any community whatever, in the lawyer, who is known and acknowledged to be possessed of sound and extensive general information. As a bright example of this fact, we trust it may not be deemed irrelevant, here, to recal the name of one whose guardian spirit still presides over the destinies of our native State—a name alike associated with all that is great in science, dignified in character, and conspicuous in virtue!—the lamented Grimke! But, independently of this and other brilliant evidence which might be adduced, we believe that we are sustained in the assertion, that no one of the learned professions demands for its successful prosecution a greater variety or extent of universal knowledge than that of the law. Indeed such is the multiplicity of subjects embraced within its compass, and such the intermixture of constantly occurring topics, concerning which its professor is called on to give opinions, and in which he is expected to foresee and correct errors, that it becomes a matter of imperious necessity that his mind should be well stored with such facts and arguments as may enable him to meet every demand and reconcile every difficulty. The discussion of legal questions intrinsically are by no means the sole points to which his attention is to be invariably invited, for, although such may constitute the

bulk of his duties, yet it is evident that others are frequently supervening. Lawyers must of necessity be politicians, statesmen, merchants, mechanists, natural philosophers, and even physicians in part; or, in other words, they must be possessed of a certain sufficiency of information concerning the avocations of each respectively, since they alone are most uniformly required to occupy either legislative or executive office, or to advise and direct in disputed matters appertaining to all. Neither are they exempt as general advisers on less important subjects. Private and domestic differences are equally referred to them for adjustment, and we know of none who are held in higher estimation by the helpless and needy, whether they be widowed or superannuated, young and giddy, old or sedate. They are presumed to be conversant with all things, since all, either of high or low estate, are to be found addressing themselves to them for counsel and consultation. If such, then, be the case, it will not be objected to that a lawyer should be remarkable for general and universal acquirement, and in no one branch of information should he be much better qualified to give opinion than in such as involve medico-legal discussions. But if he be wholly ignorant himself, or even but superficially acquainted, we question much the successful issue of his endeavors.

Again, the exercise of the finer and more ennobling feelings of our nature, as constituting another reason for his possession of an intimate knowledge of medical jurisprudence, should not be overlooked by the enlightened and humane lawyer. It would indeed however be an act of supererogation to urge this as a motive. The hopes of the doting parent irretrievably blasted, and the character of her offspring forever branded with ignominy and disgrace—the hitherto stainless reputation of the citizen, now blemished by the accusation of the commission of crime; and the charge, perhaps to conviction, of the perpetration of infanticide, are, we trust, sufficiently grave and momentous to require, at the hands of those who are to pass judgment on them, the most profound and deliberate investigation.

Such are not subjects which may be casually glanced at, or upon which mere ordinary attention is to be bestowed, and we know not in what estimation that individual should be held by a community too culpable, nay criminal, who should be instrumental in determining upon the destruction of life and reputation, on incorrect grounds, false information, or ignorance of facts and just principles. The fountain of benevolence, then, should ever be perennial, and if so, the conscientious jurist has no surer safeguard against unjust and cruel decisions, since it of itself holds out the strongest inducements towards the acquisition of that necessary information which can alone enable him to decide in accordance with the dictates of justice and humanity.

Another important and undeniable reason exists for this acquisition in the duties which lawyers are required to perform as members of a common community, and in the obligations which they owe to society itself. Communities are but individuals considered collectively, and the true estimate of the character of any society must be drawn from the merits of its respective components. Not the less true is it, that the formation and permanent establishment of the vicious or moral features of the same,

are alone dependent on the individual good or evil exertions of those whose part it is to create such permanency. In proportion, then, to the importance of any class or profession, will be the influence which such class may exercise in promoting the common weal; and as it cannot be denied, from what has been said, that the profession of the law, by its judicious enactments and the sound administration of justice exerts no ordinary control over the morality and virtue of any community; so it must be admitted that the promotion of the general welfare is dependent, in a very great measure, on the proper discharge of the same, by those in whose hands this administration is reposed. But that this desirable end should be faithfully accomplished, it is, beyond doubt, necessary that the member of the bar should render himself familiar with the subject of medical jurisprudence, in order that he may administer or assist in the administration of justice, in such cases as involve medico-legal decisions, otherwise, from ignorance, he must be a party to the perversion of its unchangeable principles both in theory and practice, and, of necessity, contribute much to the depravation of society.

That our subject is one, then, which demands close and elaborate research, is undeniable. That its intrinsic merits are such as to solicit from all, its thorough acquisition, as well as that it will amply reward the profound and earnest enquirer, in the truths it may unfold and the benefits it will enable him to confer, must be evident to every casual observer. That the permanent establishment of its doctrines must decidedly contribute much to the advancement of the interests of society in every respect, must be unhesitatingly admitted. And that it has been, and is even now, nearly, if not entirely disregarded, in our Southern country, may be easily proved. But enough has been said, however vaguely and indifferently, to answer the design contemplated in this paper. We have ventured to excite an interest in behalf of medical jurisprudence, and we sincerely trust that it may prove both profitable and enduring.

DEATH THROUGH MORTIFICATION.

We are informed by Homer, and the Greek dramatists, that the famous soothsayer, Calcas, who foretold the destruction of Troy, died through mortification because he could not tell the *exact number of figs* there were upon a certain tree—an achievement reserved for Mopsus:

"Great as he is, in dust he lies,
He meets a greater, and he dies."

THE WILDERNESS.

Twas a still noon of sunshine and of shade,
And o'er the forests and the prairies stole
Shadows and gleams, as o'er the tranquil soul
Its wayward fancies float: The hills afar
Shone sudden out, and now the streamlet near
Was veiled in night, and fierce the sultry star
Basked in the woods—while fleeting glooms arrayed
The treeless wilds; and thus their April play
The beams and clouds continued all the day.
No sound, save the cicada's voice, I heard,
Who chirped rejoicing in the burning air;
Or locust dinning from the bristly pine,
Perched on its topmost bough of glossy green—
For, driven by th' oppressive hour, each bird
To mossy depths, where ne'er the golden line
Of sunbeam reached, and slunk—and panted there.
The bright-winged summer-duck, alone, was seen
Coasting the forest-lake, amidst its reeds
Seeking his food with long-immersed head,
The darting minnow tribes, or sappy seeds,—
Stirring the bottom oft with busy beak;
His gorgeous hues upon the waters shed
A glory—and in the mirror dark appears
His image, gliding as with life endowed;
Each tint that on the wild flower lovely burns,
Or on the clouds of morning glows by turns,
Seems struck at heat upon his plumage fair,
Unfading thence; and, midst the brilliant crowd,
But more distinct by neighb'ring contrast made,
Amber and emerald hues; and, like Cacique
Of the wild flock, a gaudy crest he wears,
Oft bristled up in fear, or reared in pride;
Or close smoothed down to pass beneath the spray,
Stretched o'er his moving path, that glides away,
And bears him on to deeper solitudes,
Through dreary ways, but to the trout beside
Known, amidst roots and wat'ry thickets made;
Oft by the sable trunk, stretched in the shade,
Like fallen Titan, by its mighty bulk
Above the flood upreared—with plumes composed
He sits for hours by the grass enclosed;
Happy in his beauty and secure retreats;
O'er head he sees the fierce-eyed wild-cat skulk
On lofty boughs safe o'er the water's brine;
There to the cane close clings the green-skinned frog;
Or, rolled up on the lichen-covered log,
Near basks the snake, where falls the casual beam
From the high leafy ceiling;—the noon heats
Thus safe he shuns within these twilight chambers,
Or over trunks and tangled vines he clammers,
And forth his female leads, and downy team,
On the black flood, like some fair cloud of morn
Growing more radiant in the rear of night.
In that deep solitude with wild delight
Their young ones sport and dive; or with quick eye
The light moschetto mark, or gilded fly
Pursue, on ice-like wing that wanders by.

Thy Temple, Nature! here by hands unseen
Reared, and thy altar drest with living green,
O, echo not the bleeding victim's cries!
But joyous notes like happy hymns that rise;
While grateful incense, from each shrub and flower,
Ascend to Him, the blest, all-bounteous Power!
Who, ere his favor yet was sought by blood,
Thus bade thee smile! and gave thy innocent brood
To sport and play, and saw that it was good.

LINUS.

East Florida.

TO ——.

I.

Well, if a better hope is thine
Than my poor love could bring to thee,
Thine ear shall drink no word of mine,
To tell thee of thy wrong to me.

II.

Yet in the hour that makes thee his,
'Tis little that I now may say,
Reproachful of thy present bliss,
To teach thee all thou tak'st away.

III.

We have been bless'd—'twas thus my heart,
Once taught me fondly to believe,
And though a dream, it could impart,
More rapture than can now deceive.

IV.

How had'st thou won my infant soul,
How softened, sway'd my youthful mind,
'Till every thought thou could'st control,
And every feeling thou couldst blind.

V.

Till, in my dreams and waking hours,
Alike thy image shone supreme;
In thee was all my faith and flowers,
The joys that now I only dream.

VI.

Would I could dream, but cruel still,
Thou break'st my slumbers, and, no more,
Come back the visions that could thrill,
And bring me happiness before.

VII.

Oh, banish'd hours—oh pleasant dreams,
Like those the wretched sometimes see,
That charm and cheer with glorious gleams,
Till waking doubles misery.

EVE.



THEA ORIENTALIS.

PART FIRST.

It may perhaps appear strange to many, that in the nineteenth century it should be thought necessary to say any thing on the subject of tea—a subject apparently so perfectly familiar to every good old lady and spinster, to every old bachelor as well as Benedict, and even to young men and maidens.

In this age of refinement, when tea forms an important part, nay, from habit, almost an essential part, of the luxuries of the humble peasant, no less than of the proud and great—when it constitutes the common beverage of all classes of society—when the lord and the plebeian alike participate in its continued and perpetual use—when they both enjoy its exhilarating influence, without one day's respite to their poor stomachs, it would indeed seem strange, at this enlightened period too, were mankind unacquainted with the action of tea, and were they not (according to its administration) quite familiar with its good and bad effects upon the human constitution. But are there not those who, in compliance with custom, blindly follow the multitude in the use of tea, who, from lack of observation, arising, not from indifference to health, when considered in the abstract, for this they prize above all earthly blessings, but from sheer heedlessness and inattention to the subject, are consequently ignorant of its effects upon the animal economy? To such a few remarks may not be inappropriate.

My father was a physician, and, if I may be indulged in so delicate an expression, yet a demonstrable truth, was not only eminent in his profession, but distinguished for science and general literature. I have two brothers and a brother-in-law, who follow the same profession. Two of them being older than myself, as they are still in the land of the

living, delicacy and propriety forbid my saying more than that, from them as well as my honored father, I may be presumed to have derived much valuable information. But from my good old mother, God bless her, I learned more about tea than from all of them. It was from her that I received my earliest impressions of its flavor. It was by the cautious and prudent addition of a weak infusion of the oriental herb to my milk, water and sugar, that I first became acquainted with its peculiar taste; and I can remember how unpleasant, and even obnoxious, it was to me. But through the instrumentality of my mother, I was induced to persevere in its use, and, by the gradual addition of more and more tea to my milk and water as I grew older, I became accustomed to its taste; and, by her kindness, attention, and extreme liberality, I at length imbibed its influence, and acquired a relish for it in this weak state, but could not tolerate a strong infusion; so that, in process of time, the order of things was reversed—instead of adding the tea to the milk, the milk was added to the tea. The difficulty was now pretty much overcome. The example and influence of my good mother, after this, was quite sufficient to induce a voluntary perseverance in a fashionable family custom. To see her quaff a beverage, to her apparently so delicious and in such generous potations too, was alone enough to make it taste good. Besides, were other incentives necessary, it were irresistible to listen to her frequent criticisms upon the mode and manner of making tea—which should always be strong enough to bear an egg—the different grocers who deal most in the article, those who are the best judges, and who, among them, keeps the best. To hear her descant so gravely upon tea water, and tell how to boil the tea kettle—to witness her profound discriminations between well water and cistern water, between spring water and that from tea water pump, and to hear her eulogize the latter. And then to hear her occasional dissertations upon the different kinds and qualities of tea—to remark her minute and nice distinctions—her description of the striking difference in the flavor of each respective variety—the effect which each produces upon the head, the stomach, the heart, the nervous system, in short, the whole *modus operandi* of the Chinese staple.

Her eloquence upon these occasions would frequently be such, especially after drinking two or three cups, as not only to carry conviction to the most obdurate heart—convince the most sceptical mind of the comfort, utility, and blessings of tea, but quite to captivate her auditors. Who, under such circumstances, would not become a tea drinker? And who, under such instruction, would not become learned and wise on the subject? From the force of such precepts and such an example from one of the best of mothers and the most excellent of women, who could refrain from drinking tea?

But, after all, it is very questionable whether she thoroughly understood the history, the botanical character, or the chemical analysis of tea, a perfect knowledge of the properties of which, whether culinary or medicinal, could not be fully acquired by the mere observation of its effects upon the human stomach, but would very much depend for its development upon chemical philosophy. And even its effects could not be fully apprehended, without some previous knowledge of the struc-

ture of the animal economy and the action and uses of the parts concerned in the process of digestion. In short, without some knowledge of anatomy and physiology. It was not her business, nor would it have been her province to enter thus deeply, or to engage thus scientifically, in the investigation of the subject, nor is it my purpose to enter so minutely into a consideration of the matter as to examine it in all its relations and bearings, and if it was, the limits prescribed would not permit justice to be done to the subject. I shall, however, proceed, taking as much latitude in regard to time and space as circumstances will allow.

I. Tea, in *familiar language*, is an infusion of the common tea of commerce in boiling water. The term is more extensively applied to any other infusion of ordinary roots or herbs. The common tea of commerce is the dried leaves of the tea tree of China and Japan.

THEA, in *botany*, the tea tree, a name of barbarous origin, is derived from the Chinese *Tcha*, or Japanese *Tsja*, of which the various nations of Europe have made, according to their fancy, *Chaa*, Tea, Thé, &c., and which Kämpfer has Latinized by the formation of the word *Thea*. This term has been adopted by Linnæus, from its exact orthographic correspondence, to the Greek word *θέα*, a goddess, a coincidence highly gratifying to the votaries of tea, and to those whose pleasures and whose mental energies depend upon the use of this fascinating beverage. Without stopping minutely to describe its botanical character, I shall merely observe that it belongs to the class *polyandria*, and order *monogynia*, and pass on to some observations connected with its history, culture, modes of preparation, &c., and then advert to its effects upon the animal economy.

From the peculiar secret and jealous policy of the Chinese nation, less is known of the natural history of this plant, or shrub, than could possibly be expected from an article in such general use as is the product of its branches under the various forms of the manufactured tea of commerce.

II. THEA, according to Linnæus and some other writers who are inclined to copy him, is regarded as consisting of two species, *T. bohea*, and *T. viridis*. Linnæus described the former as having six petals, or rather, segments of the *corolla*, and the latter nine. But there is no doubt he labored under some mistake about the matter.

There is in fact but one species. This position is supported by the opinion of the late Mr. John Ellis, and is confirmed by Loureiro, Martyn Kämpfer, and Sir George Staunton. With respect to the varieties of tea, Martyn has considered them all as forming one species, in which he is, he asserts, supported by the best authorities. Kämpfer, he contends, attributes their difference to soil, culture, age of the leaves, and method of curing them. Mr. Ellis also directly asserts, that the green and bohea tea are one and the same species; and that it is the nature of the soil, the culture, and manner of gathering and drying the leaves, that makes the difference. So also Sir George Staunton maintains, that every information received concerning the tea plant concurred in affirming that its qualities depended upon the soil in which it grew, and the age at which its leaves were plucked off the tree, as well as upon the management of them afterwards. And Dr. Lettson, in his botanical

description of the tea plant, thinks it most probable that there is only one species, and that the difference between the green and bohea teas depends on the nature of the soil, culture, age, and manner of drying the leaves. He adds, that it has ever been observed, that a green tea tree planted in the bohea tea country, will produce bohea, and on the contrary; and that on his examining several hundred flowers, brought both from the bohea and green tea countries, their botanical characters have always appeared uniform. The information more recently obtained by Mr. Abeel, the American missionary, goes to confirm these statements. It may be inferred, from what he says, that either of the two plants, although by some regarded as different varieties, whether from the *green tree district or from the black tree district*, would afford the black or green tea of the shops, but that the *T. viridis* is preferred for making green tea.

The tea tree which is frequently called a plant, but more frequently a shrub, usually rises to the height of five or six feet, but in its own native climate, is described by Dr. Rees, as sometimes rising to the height of thirty, and even to one hundred and fifty feet or more, when suffered to grow to its full size and dimensions. This last statement, however, requires confirmation.

We are principally indebted to Kämpfer, Le Compte, and Du Halde, for an authentic history of the culture of this exotic shrub, and the manner of preparing and curing its leaves. The particulars of most interest and of greatest importance, however, have been judiciously collected, and the subject further illustrated by Dr. Lettsom, and surely what is recited by this honest broad brimmed old Quaker, may be relied on. 'The tea tree,' he says, 'loves to grow in vallies, at the foot of mountains, and upon the banks of rivers where it enjoys a southern exposure to the sun; though it endures considerable variations of heat and cold, as it flourishes in the northern clime of Peking, as well as about Canton, and it is observed that the degree of cold at Peking is as severe in winter as in some of the northern parts of Europe. However, the best tea grows in a mild temperate climate, the country about Nanking producing better tea than either Peking or Canton, betwixt which places it is situated.' The climate most favorable to the cultivation of tea is between the latitudes 24 and 28.

The root resembles that of the peach tree, the leaves are green, longish at the point, pretty narrow, an inch and a half long, and jagged all round. The flower white, much like that of the wild rose, but smaller. The fruit is of different forms, sometimes round, sometimes long, sometimes triangular, and of the ordinary size of a bean, containing two or three seeds, of a mouse color, including each a kernel. From these whole fields are cultivated by the Chinese by a very simple process; and in Japan about the borders of fields without regard to soil. The leaves are not collected from the cultivated plant till it is three years old; and after growing seven or ten years, it is cut down, in order that the numerous young shoots may afford a greater supply of leaves.

Pekin is about the latitude of Philadelphia, and is said to be about the temperature of that city. If tea, by Chinese industry, can be successfully cultivated there, why surely we ought to presume that it may be more

successfully cultivated in Carolina. This was the opinion of the late Mr. Noisette, as expressed in an article in the Southern Agriculturist. And it is well known to the citizens of Charleston, that several tea shrubs have for years past borne the winters of this climate, and flourished in his garden. The *olea fragrans* also flourished there, the leaves of which are said to be used in Japan to give the tea a high flavor—But the Chinese brokers at Canton deny that the *olea fragrans* is ever used there for that purpose.

The best time to gather the leaves of tea is said to be, while they are yet small, young and juicy; and the different periods in which they are gathered are particularly described by Kämpfer. The first gathering of the leaves, according to this author, commences about the latter end of February, when the leaves are young and unexpanded. The second collection is made about the beginning of April, and the third in June. The leaves are carefully hand picked one by one, and collected in baskets. Notwithstanding the seeming tediousness of the process, the laborers are able to gather each from four to ten or fifteen pounds a day. They are then assorted much in the same manner as we in Carolina assort our cotton, and the different kinds and qualities carefully separated for domestic use or exportation. It is stated, however, in the Encyclopædia Americana, by what authority I know not, that after the drying, rolling, roasting, &c. about to be described, ‘the different sorts of black and green tea, arise, not merely from soil, situation or the age of the leaf, but, after *winnowing* the tea, the leaves are taken up in succession as they fall; those nearest the machine, being the heaviest, are the *gunpowder tea*, the lightest, the worst, is chiefly used by the lower classes. That which is brought down to Canton then undergoes a second roasting, winnowing, packing, &c.; and many hundred women are employed for these purposes.’

From this harvest, which embraces a period about equal to our cotton harvest, all the varieties of tea are obtained. The first collection, which consists only of the fine tender leaves and buds, and is known to us by the name of Imperial tea, is most esteemed. The second is called Toots-jaa, or Chinese tea, because it is infused and drank after the Chinese manner. The last, which is the coarsest and cheapest, is chiefly consumed by the lower class of people. Besides the three kinds of tea here noticed, it may be observed, that by garbling, or sorting, these, by mixture and by management, the varieties of tea become still further multiplied. Although there are many hard names given to tea in China, principally from the names of the different districts in which it grows, the Chinese know nothing of *imperial tea*, *flower of tea*, and many other names which in Europe and America serve to distinguish this fashionable commodity. But, besides the common tea, they distinguish two other kinds, viz. the *voui* and *soumlo*, which are reserved for people of the first quality, and those who are sick. The leaves when gathered are dried as soon as possible, being first exposed to the action of the sun and air in wide shallow baskets. The buildings, or drying-houses, that are erected for curing of tea, contain from five to ten or twenty furnaces, about three feet high, each having at the top a large flat iron pan. There is also a long low table covered with mats, on which the leaves are laid,

and rolled by workmen who sit round it; the iron pan being heated to a certain degree by a little fire made in the furnace underneath, a few pounds of the fresh gathered leaves are put upon the pan; the fresh and juicy leaves crack when they touch the pan, and it is the business of the operator to shift them as quickly as possible with his bare hands, till they become too hot to be easily endured. At this instant he takes off the leaves with a kind of shovel resembling a fan, and pours them on the mats before the rollers, who, taking small quantities at a time, roll them in the palm of their hands in one direction, while others are fanning them, that they may cool the more speedily, and retain their curl the longer. This process is repeated two or three times, or oftener, before the tea is put into the stores, in order that all the moisture of the leaves may be thoroughly dissipated, and their curl more completely preserved. On every repetition the pan is less heated, and the operation performed more slowly and cautiously. The tea is then separated into the different kinds, and deposited in the store for domestic use or exportation.

The country people cure their tea leaves in earthen kettles, which answer every necessary purpose, at less trouble and expense than by the process above described, and they are thus enabled to sell them cheaper. After the tea has been kept for some months, it is taken out of the vessels in which it was stored, and dried again over a very gentle fire, that it may be deprived of any humidity which remained, or it might have since contracted.

The common tea is kept in earthen pots with narrow mouths; but the best sorts, used by the emperor and nobility, is put into porcelain or china vessels. The coarsest tea is kept by the country people in straw baskets, made in the shape of barrels, which they place under the roof of their houses, near the hole that lets out the smoke.

III. The teas imported into Europe are divided into two classes. This grand division consists of *green* and *bohea*. The general divisions in this country are also two, viz. *green* and *black*. These are the popular commercial distinctions. *Green tea*, says Dr. Parr, called by the Chinese *byng*, should be chosen fresh, of a bright green, not inclining to yellow or brown, it should be rolled in round cylinders, consisting of entire leaves, be thoroughly dry, of a bitterish subastringent taste, but not ungrateful, and of a pleasant smell; the fresher the tea, the greener is the infusion. Its prevailing smell is that of violets or new hay, but if this be strong, it is the effect of art. *Bohea tea*, called by the Chinese *boui*, (*voui* tea, or *bou tcha* of the Chinese) is of a blackish brown color, gives a brown tincture to water, and smells of roses.

F. Le Compte says, green tea is gathered from the plant in the month of April, and that bohea differs from green tea only by being gathered a month before it, viz. in March while in the bud; and hence the smallness of the leaves, as well as the depth of the tincture it gives to water.

From this statement it is to be inferred that both green and bohea teas are produced by the same plant. Upon this supposition may we not also infer that the bohea or black teas are sometimes, at least, gathered from the plant while the leaves are yet immature and in their young, tender and succulent state? May not Le Compte here labor under a small mistake with regard to *some* black teas at least, and especially those imported into the United States?

As far as my observation and experiments go, the bohea and other black teas which are imported into the United States, on being macerated in water present a full grown serrated leaf from an inch to an inch and a half long, and impart to boiling water a dark brown color, and to alcohol a still darker shade, but not an unpleasant taste. Green tea, on the contrary, on being infused in water, at first presents a light pea green color, but, on standing, a light brown tinge, and gives to alcohol a grass green color. The leaves of hyson tea, when expanded by maceration, appear to have been cut each into three pieces, and gunpowder tea much finer, exhibiting, at the same time, some admixture of young buds.

Do not these facts go to prove that our black teas are prepared from the full grown, and probably old leaves of the tea plant—that they have imbibed some new principle, or parted with some old one, which constitutes the well known difference between the action of this tea, and that of green tea upon the human system? And do they not prove, also, that the fine green teas which are imported into this country, are not entirely of the first gathering as is represented, but are more or less adulterated with other teas or other herbs, and a deception practised by cutting the leaves, so that when rolled and dried, they may resemble young leaves and buds? Is it not quite as probable that the same plant (either green or bohea) always produces the same kind of tea, whether gathered in February, April or June, differing only in quality? And is this supposition not strengthened by the testimony of the writers already quoted who speak of the green tea and bohea tea *districts*, and refer to the soil, climate, &c. for a solution of the problem? At the same time there is not such a striking difference between green and black tea, as to present to my mind any incongruity in the idea that they are both produced by the same plant. The difference between the several kinds of black and green teas is not greater than between the different kinds or qualities of cotton produced by the same plant. For instance, the difference between Congou and Twankay, or between Pekoe and Imperial, is not greater than the difference between the first picking of cotton from the bottom of the plant in the latter end of August, and the last picking from the top of the plant in the latter end of December. The first is comparatively a coarse, but strong and substantial article, the last, called frost cotton, though very fine, has no staple, and if not rotten, is weak of fibre and always more or less stained, and of course a very inferior article. The best cotton is gathered from the middle of the plant at the intermediate periods. And so with the tea plant. The second picking has the most character, it is the Tootsja of the Chinese, it is what they themselves use, and is no doubt the best.

The sub-divisions of these two kinds of tea, are, in a great measure, unknown to the Chinese. The names which attach to the different sorts of tea, are supposed to have been given by the merchants at Canton. The names of some of which I will here mention in the order of their quality, beginning with the most inferior.

And 1st, of the *Black Tea*.—The varieties are, Bohea, Congou, Campo, Souchong, Pouchong, Young Woolong, and Pekoe.

2d. *Green Tea*.—The varieties are, Twankay, Hyson-Skin, Young

Hyson, Hyson, Singlo, Bloom or Flower of Tea, Imperial and Gunpowder Tea.

As to the differences in the color and flavor of the two kinds of tea, (*viz.* green and black) and to their varieties, Dr. Lettsom thinks that there is reason to suspect that they are, in some measure, adventitious, or produced by art. It is stated by intelligent persons who have resided some time at Canton, that the tea about that city affords very little smell while growing. The same may be observed of the tea plants now growing at Noisette's garden. We are not, however, to conclude from hence, that the peculiar odor of each kind of tea is conveyed by art, for our domestic grasses, for instance, have little or no smell until they are dried, and made into hay.

As to the opinion that green tea owes its verdure to an efflorescence acquired from the plates of copper, on which it is supposed to be cured or dried, our author shows that there is no foundation for the suspicion. The infusions of the finest imperial and bloom teas, which I have often subjected to the test of experiment, undergo no change on the addition of ammonia, which would detect the minutest portion of copper contained in them, by turning the liquors blue.

The green color of the teas, with as little reason, has been attributed to the sulphate of iron, as this metallic salt would, on being dissolved, immediately act on the astringent matter of the leaves, and convert the infusion into ink as happens when a chalybeate water has been employed in making tea.

Tea, as a drink in China, and throughout the greater part of the East, is made in the same manner as in America, *viz.* by pouring boiling water over the leaves, and drinking the infusion hot. Among us, immoderate tea drinkers excepted, it is usual to temper its bitterness with sugar, and to soften its asperity with milk, but the Orientals use it without the addition of either sugar or milk. The Japanese are said to prepare their beverage in a somewhat different way, *viz.* by pulverizing the leaves, and stirring the powder in hot water. From the account given by Du Halde, this method is not peculiar to the Japanese, but is also practised in some of the provinces of China.

The common people, who have a coarse tea, boil it for some time in water, and make use of the liquor for common drink. Early in the morning, the kettle, filled with water, is regularly hung over the fire for this purpose, and the tea is either put into the kettle enclosed in a bag, or, by means of a basket of proper size pressed to the bottom of the vessel, that there may be no hindrance in drawing off the water. If, by a decoction of this kind, they lose the aroma, they are sure to extract and have the full benefit of the bitter principle. The Bantsjaa tea only is used in this manner, whose virtues, being more fixed, would not be so fully extracted by infusion.

The Chinese are always drinking tea, especially at meals. It is the chief treat with which they regale their friends. The most moderate take it at least three times a day; others, ten or more. *Query*—Whether dyspepsia is not the prevailing complaint among the Chinese. Reasoning *a priori*, and drawing the conclusion from the observation of facts in this country, one would suppose that it must be epidemical among them.

Would not that country present an admirable field for the exercise of the talents, skill and inventive genius of the redoubtable Halsted? A little rubbing down occasionally would, no doubt, be of great service to them. But it should be recollected that this eccentric, curious but sagacious people have some regard to their stomachs, although they do take such enormous potations of their hot infusions, they never make use of tea of any kind until it is a year old.

Among the Dutch, English and Americans, the consumption of tea is scarcely less, in proportion to the population, than among the Orientals. In France, especially, and in the other countries of Europe, Russia excepted, the quantity of this article annually consumed, is comparatively small. A Frenchman rarely drinks tea except when he is sick.

IV. The commercial history of tea presents some interesting and curious matter. In the Appendix to Sir George Staunton's Account of Lord M'Cartney's Embassy to China, there are several statements relating to the tea trade with China, which would be extremely interesting, but which the limits of this essay will not permit me to introduce here. I shall give place only to the following facts.

Tea was unknown in Europe until about the middle of the seventeenth century. A small quantity was then first imported by the Dutch East India Company. Although it has been in extensive use among all classes in China from time immemorial, it did not find its way into England until about the year 1666, at which time it was brought over from Holland by Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory, and sold for sixty shillings a pound. Another account states that in 1664, two pounds and two ounces were imported as a present to the king. From this small beginning arose the extensive trade with China in this staple, and the great power and influence of the English East India Company. But it is stated in Paris' Pharmacologia, that the people of Great Britain are indebted to the eulogy of Catharine, Queen of Charles II., for the general introduction of tea into England. This shows the influence of example, and the omnipotent power of great names. In this country, tea may be referred to as the exciting cause of the American Revolution. Not that it actually achieved our independence, for something else might and would have led to it had that been wanting. But it is a well known historical fact, that it was tea that proved the stumbling block to British domination—it was tea that led the way to the overthrow of British power in the United States.

The present consumption of tea in Great Britain and Holland is immense, and in the United States of America we are not far behind the inhabitants of the two former countries in the use of this article. We are apt at imitation—with us the immoderate use of tea is a great and growing evil. Under the Tariff of 1832, the duties were to cease entirely on tea on the 3d of March, 1833. And by the legislation upon the Tariff system in 1833, no change was made in relation to this article, so that the extensive importations have rendered tea so cheap, as materially to increase its consumption—to extend its use indefinitely—to multiply its pleasures and its pains—its blessings and its curses.

The consumption of tea in the United States anterior to the reduction of the duty in 1832, was about 6,000,000 pounds per annum. The

amount imported in the year ending September 30th, 1830, was 8,609,-415 pounds; exported 1,736,324 pounds, leaving for domestic consumption 6,263,676 pounds. The exports of teas from Canton to the United States, in the year ending May 1st, 1835, in twenty-six ships, were 139,-960 chests. In the preceding year, the exports in forty-three ships were 210,170 chests, making — pounds. I am not in possession of sufficient data by which to ascertain the exact amount of importation for the two last years.

In 1800, the annual consumption of tea in England was somewhat above twenty million pounds, since which time it has been gradually declining, owing, in part, to the increase of duty in 1806 and 1819, and, in part, to the monopoly of the East India Company. The present consumption is estimated at about twenty-five million pounds, which, for a population of sixteen and a half millions, gives but one pound nine ounces per head, while, in 1800, it was one pound thirteen and a half ounces. This monopoly renders the prices of tea higher, the qualities inferior, and the varieties fewer, in England, than on the continent, or in the United States; so that, while about a dozen kinds of tea are quoted in the Hamburg and New-York markets, not more than six or seven are to be met with in England. Imperial is unknown there, and Pekoe and Gunpowder are found only in small quantities. Russia and Holland are the only countries, on the continent of Europe, in which the consumption of tea is considerable. In 1830, the imports into Russia amounted to 5,563,444 pounds, almost entirely of the black sorts. It is carried over land from Kiachta to Tomsk, and thence, partly by land and partly by the rivers, to Novogorod. The consumption in Holland amounts to about 2,700,000 pounds a year.

There is but little or no *fresh* tea drank in England. This circumstance arises not so much from a regard to health (for where the appetite is concerned there is in general but little attention paid to health) as to pecuniary considerations and commercial restrictions. The privilege of the Chinese Tea Trade being confined to a single company, there are some Government regulations, which require the East India Company to keep constantly on hand three years' supply of tea. Under these regulations a great portion of the article must, of course, be stale before it is used. And even in this country, where we have now no commercial restrictions upon the trade, and where our importations are just in proportion to the demand for immediate consumption, we cannot have the article (fortunately for us perhaps) perfectly fresh, in consequence of the length of the voyage.

What remains to be said under my last division of the subject, *viz.* the effects upon the animal economy, from the length to which this article has already been protracted, must necessarily be deferred for a subsequent number.

J. B. W.

Charleston, S. C.

ON PHRENOLOGY, CRANIOLOGY, ORGANOLOGY.

ON the 12th of November, 1790, Dr. Ferriar, a name well known in the medical world, read an Essay at the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, entitled 'An Argument against MATERIALISM,' addressed to Thomas Cooper, Esq., by John Ferriar, M. D. This able argument was published in the first part of the fourth volume of the Manchester Transactions, 1793, page 20. It was intended as an argument against the doctrine of materialism, with which, on the present occasion, I have nothing to do, and shall sedulously avoid; but, as it is considered as a standard refutation of phrenology also, I shall notice it in that connection only.

Many years afterwards, Dr. Everard Home wrote an essay on the same subject. The experiments of M. Flourens, M. Majendie, and others, on the loss of the voluntary functions of brain, as exhibited by experiments on fowls and other smaller animals, have not been repeated so as to produce any satisfactory result; but I presume, from their importance, they will be.

This class of cases, (morbid lesions of the brain) as collected in Haller's great work on Physiology, in six volumes, quarto, was first noticed in this connection by myself, as Dr. Ferriar acknowledges, (page 20) and was referred to in my Essay on Materialism, first read at the Manchester Society, in 1787, and subsequently published; (Tracts, vol. 1, p. 181.) The position taken by Dr. Ferriar, and lately adopted by Dr. Lord in his Popular Physiology, is in Dr. Ferriar's own words, '*I consider the medical facts as almost demonstrating that the brain is the instrument only, and not the cause of the reasoning power:*' and a very imposing array of well disciplined forces he has drawn up in solid column to discomfit my heterodox opinions.

I wish this very elaborate and learned essay were re-published. It is of more authority than any thing that Dr. Everard Home could advance, whose anatomical and physiological reputation is far from being on the increase; and it is more directly to the point than the experiments of Flourens, Majendie, and Edwards; to which ought to be added, those of Dr. Wilson Phillips, and the cases of the French army surgeons, Le Gallois, Larray, &c.

In a late book, entitled POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY, by *Perceval B. Lord*, M. D., of the Bombay establishment, published under the sanction of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1834, the author speaks of this collection of cases by Dr. Ferriar, as being so complete and indisputable, that Spurzheim could find no other reply than a charge of inaccuracy or mistake in the observers.—(See Pop. Phys., p. 382.) No wonder Spurzheim urged this argument, for the objects of inquiry, necessary to be embraced in an experiment, are extended by the progressive knowledge of every generation.

Who was competent, in England, to institute a mineralogical discussion, or to state a geological fact with useful accuracy, at the time when Dr. Ferriar and I sat together in the Manchester Society, where the only mineralogist among us was the present James Watt, of Birming-

ham? Who knew any thing worth knowing of the structure of the brain, prior to the public dissections of Gall and Spurzheim?

Dr. Ferriar produces about thirty-five cases of cerebral lesion, wherein

The thinking faculties have subsisted after the destruction of any superior or lateral part of the brain, by suppuration, and other causes.

After the destruction of the cerebellum.

After great lesions of the base of the brain.

After very great effusions of water throughout the brain.

After injuries to the spinal marrow and medulla oblongata.

After great flaccidity and pulpy softness of the brain generally; morbidly produced.

After lesions of other parts of the brain.

'On reviewing the whole evidence,' (says Ferriar, page 43) 'I am disposed to conclude that, as no part of the brain appears essentially necessary to the existence of the intellectual faculties, and as the whole visible structure has been materially changed, without affecting the exercise of those faculties, something more than the discernible organization must be requisite to produce the phenomena of thinking.'

That is, although the brain is the instrument wherewith the mind works, yet she can proceed with her operations, although all her tools are deranged and broken to pieces! So that the power of this divinæ particula aura is such, that

Its skill can heavenly music bring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bass.

To me, my good friend's argument is a manifest *felo de se*. My objection to his cases, is this. If true, they prove decisively that neither the brain, or any part of it, is necessary as the instrument of the mind, which can carry on its intellectual functions as well with a morbid as a sound brain—a conclusion inevitably flowing from these experiments and cases—a conclusion which, if any modern physiologist will venture to adopt, he is welcome.

With the question concerning the separate existence of mind, I have nothing to do; but I have no objection on the present occasion to take it for granted. At present, I have to consider how far all these cases are objections to the fashionable doctrines of phrenology, my object being, to inquire, and to state, how much reliance, if any, is to be placed on phrenological pretension. The objections to these doctrines being more strongly urged in Dr. Lord's book, which cites Dr. Ferriar's cases with great approbation, than in any other that has fallen under my notice, I take it as the text of my present discourse. I think both Dr. Ferriar and Dr. Lord, in aiming to leap exactly into the saddle, have exerted too much strength, and have tumbled down on the wrong side of the steed without intending it; for their facts destroy their theories. But I have no objection to help them up again, and to acknowledge, for our present purpose, that the cerebral and medullary system, form the instrument of the mind in the exhibition of intellect—the medium through which sensations, perceptions, associations and reasonings take place in human creatures: and, although the fiddle may be sometimes out of tune, it

may, nevertheless, be made to discourse most excellent music on such of the strings as remain.

By *mind* I mean intellect, and the cause of intellect; to which the cerebral and medullary system is necessary, inasmuch as we have never observed the existence of intellectual phenomena, unless in connection with the cerebral system or *brain*, including therein the cerebellum, medulla oblongata, and part, at least, of the medulla spinalis. Materialism denies the separate existence of mind; assuming that the phenomena of intellect, are the results of the functions of the brain. Phrenology keeps entirely aloof from this question, discussing merely how far the mental phenomena are connected with the organs that form the brain, and the outward appearances of the cranium and encephalon.

It is incumbent on the phrenologist to shew,

1. That the brain, as above defined, is essential to intellectual phenomena.

2. That the brain is not one organ, but a congeries of parts or organs, each exercising its peculiar and appropriate functions.

3. That the natural tendencies, propensities, and intellectual capacities of the animal, are owing to the greater or less development, and natural organic capacity of the parts or portions of the brain, appropriated by organic structure to these propensities and capacities.

This is the foundation of organology.

4. That the cranium, or skull, being moulded on the brain, and destined to its protection, exhibits a counterpart of the external sizes, protuberances and developments of the periphery or outward surface of the brain within. This is the foundation of craniology.

Phrenology is the general term, designating, not merely organology, but also the connection between external appearance and intellectual function; that is craniology.

5. That intellectual propensity and capacity bear an unknown but considerable proportion to the development of size; and that the size or bulk of an internal organ is sufficiently apparent on the cranium externally, to enable an observer to connect propensity and capacity with external appearance.

6. That this can only be done as in other cases of reasoning, by drawing careful conclusions from a great number of well observed facts, confirmed by the experience of many independent observers.

So far as these positions are deficient in satisfactory proof, so far is the supposed science of phrenology untenable. So far as they can be demonstrably proved, so far is phrenology demonstrated, and no farther. So far as they can be shewn to be probably true, so far is phrenology probable. So far as they fail in being established, phrenology must fail too.

Neither will my leisure, or the space you can afford to allow me, justify any thing like a full discussion of phrenology; but there are certain points and features in the discussion, which may, of themselves, settle the question, that admit of brief statement, and of argument, intelligible to those who have paid some consideration to the subject. To these I shall confine myself, and avoid intruding on the patience of your readers over much. I would, if I could, have treated the subject in a

popular way, and in terms and phrases intelligible to all; but that would not be possible consistently with accurate reasoning: and I have a right to presume that most of your readers are of a class to whom I may speak, though technically, yet intelligibly. I know of no royal road to any branch of useful knowledge; and, if people will talk about phrenology, they ought to be at some little pains to understand what they are talking about.

I have already stated that I have nothing to do with the separate existence of mind; this is neutral ground. By far the greater number of phrenologists agree on this point with the anti-phrenologists, in regarding the brain as no more than the instrument used by the soul or mind, in producing the phenomena termed intellectual.

Let us now review briefly the arguments by which the preceding phrenological positions are supported.

1. The brain, or encephalon, including the cerebrum and its enveloping membranes, the cerebellum, the medulla oblongata, and part of the medulla spinalis, extending to the nervous decussation, are essential to the exhibition of intellectual phenomena.

Proof. Whether the mind *can* manifest itself independently of the bodily organ termed the brain, is neither affirmed or denied. No such manifestation ever has occurred or ever can occur, cognizable by the human senses. This appears to me, therefore, proof sufficient. For illustrations on this subject, I must refer generally to the *Histoire des Anomalies de l'organization*, vol. I. par M. Isidore Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, 1832, where he treats of the monstrosities of the encephalon.

2. That the brain is not one organ, but a congeries of organs, each exercising its peculiar and appropriate functions.

It is on all hands acknowledged, that the brain is the peculiar organ of the mind or soul. The instrument by which is exhibited all the phenomena of intellect; sensation, memory, thought, voluntariness. If so, then, as the instrument employed differs, the result will be different. You cannot produce the same music from a gong and a flute. If so, then, when the results differ, the instruments employed will be different. If you hear the sound of a gong and the sound of a flute, the conclusion will be, that the one proceeds from a gong, and the other from a flute. If the mind can produce the same phenomena precisely, from all kind of brains, there is no reason why they should be different; and the brain of an idiot or a cretin, will answer as well as the brain of Locke or Newton. Who will say this? Differently constructed brains, therefore, are necessary to differences in the phenomena of intellect, for which they are employed. I neither affirm or deny that all animals and reptiles have minds or souls. We have no proofs to authorize us to affirm that they have. If not, then their manifestations of intellect must be exclusively owing to the differences of their cerebral organs. Can the constructive and social disposition of a bee or a beaver, proceed from the same cerebral organization as you see in a cat or a wolf? What else but this cerebral difference can account for the varieties of intellect in the canine race? The conclusion is, that all animal analogy shews difference of instinct and of intellect, as dependent on difference of cerebral organization. Nor is there any reason to be assigned why this position should not hold true as to the animal man.

It is so throughout the whole system of organized being. Every part of a plant has its own peculiar destined function, and the office of the leaf is different from that of the root. In our own species, we do not hear by means of the optic nerve, nor see by means of the auditory. The brain consists of parts so visibly, so manifestly different in structure, that they cannot be meant to perform their functions in common. The optic nerves, the auditory nerves, the olfactory nerves, have each their duty, which the others cannot perform. Nor is it possible to look upon the cineritious matter, the white medullary matter, the fibrous base, the convolution of the brain, the structure of the cerebellum, the medulla oblongata, and the spinal chord, without being convinced at sight, that parts so very differently constituted, are so, because their functions being different, they require a difference of structure. If the duties and functions of every part may be performed by any part, or by the whole brain acting as a common organ, why should there be any difference of composition or of structure? And why is it that in man, where the functions of the encephalon are so numerous and complicated, the cerebral structure should be more complicated than in any other animal?

No satisfactory reason can be given for this, excepting that the more numerous and different properties and capacities assigned to the animal man, the different functions and duties required of him, of a nature so much superior and complicated to those exacted from the inferior tribe of animals, demand a more numerous and complicated set of organs, as the instruments by whose aid these functions and duties are to be performed. And all this implies, of course, a cerebral organization, involving the different kinds of organic apparatus necessary to the performance of the functions required. That is, the encephalon is not an unit, but an aggregate of intellectual and instinctive apparatus fitted to the task called for.

But the whole nervous apparatus in man, is divided into parts, whose functions are different. The forty-three pairs of cerebral and spinal nerves, are known each to have its peculiar duty. The whole ganglionic system is, in like manner, apportioned into parts varying in properties and functions according to the wants of the various viscera to which the branches are sent. The organs of sense within the cranium, are as separate, to every intent and purpose, from the spinal chord, as my foot is from my tongue. I cannot see what is meant by this denial of facts as visible, as tangible, as manifest, as the root of an oak tree from its topmost leaves.

I cannot intrude upon your number, by citing all the anatomical and physiological proofs, objections and replies contained in the second of the six volumes of Gall's Organology, Paris, 1825, entitled *Sur la Pluralité des Organes Cérébraux*, but I am somewhat surprised, I confess, at Dr. Lord's citing the experiments of Sir Charles Bell in his favor, who, first of all, gave distinctness and body to the great discovery, that not only has every distinct tissue its appropriate duty, but that the same sheath (*neurilema*) contains the nerves which are appropriated to convey sensations to the brain, and the nerves which are appropriated to convey the orders and directions of the brain to the muscles of voluntary motion by innervation; also that no two of these different nerves can perform the duties and functions of the other. *Popular Physiol., 400.*

In a popular essay like this, in reply to a popular treatise like Dr. Lord's, it may suffice, I hope, to cite the latest opinions of the latest writers of known and established reputation. The English writers condescend to know so little about what is doing medically, surgically, and physiologically, in these United States, that I should not think of offering as a competent witness to the medical aristocracy of England, Dr. W. E. Horner, who now fills the anatomical chair in Philadelphia, and to whose long experience, indefatigable industry, and acknowledged accuracy as a demonstrator and a lecturer, no American will, for a moment, object. Dr. Horner cites, and comments on, the opinions of Gall, and the experiments of Flourens, Le Gallois, Wilson Phillips, Delaye, Foville, and Pinel Grandchamp, who have pursued the course taken by Sir Charles Bell. He has, therefore, the whole ground under his inspection. In page 327-28 of his treatise on Pathological Anatomy, Philad. 1829, he gives his opinion:

"In man and all other mammalia, the modifications of the nervous system are not blended together, but each have their particular throne and habitation, as the eye that by which we see, the tongue that by which we taste, and so on of the other senses.

"We find, moreover, by experiment, that other locations of functions take place in the latter animals (the mammalia.) That the brain is the seat of intelligence, medulla oblongata, of the principle of respiration, and that the medulla spinalis, is the immediate seat of life to all other parts. Be it allowed that such localities of vital functions do exist; *of which there seems to me so little doubt*, why should not other parts of the brain afford settled positions to the moral faculties as asserted by the phrenologists?"

In page 347, Dr. Horner says:

"Very great efforts have been of late years made by the continental pathologists, especially the French, M. M. Flourens, Serres, Delaye, Rostan, Bayle, Fovolle, Pinel de Grandchamp, Rolando, &c., to determine exactly by the lesions or perversions of the intellect, of motion, and sensation, the location of the lesion in the central nervous system: and it must be conceded that the comparison and approximation of a considerable number of cases, goes far to substantiate their general conclusions. M. M. Rolando and Flourens have founded their opinions on the vivisections or ablations of different portions of the encephalon of animals. (Flourens operated on the brains of pigeons and chickens.) Owing, however, to the very unnatural state in which animals thus used are situated, there are always strong objections to such inferences: accordingly, the conclusion of M. Rolando, that the cerebellum was a voltaic pile, presiding over locomotion, and of M. Flourens, that it was merely the regulating organ of motion, as well as their joint opinion, that the cerebrum is the organ of consciousness or sensation, have been received very coolly by most physiologists, and utterly rejected by others. For my own part, I have but little hesitation in asserting, that a disease whose symptoms are well observed during life, and whose pathological changes are closely inspected at a suitable time after death, is by far the most unequivocal way of ascertaining the functions of the part affected; and in the rigidness of its inductions, is immeasurably superior to a vivisection, where fear, pain and irritation modify the phenomena."

Dr. Lord, page 399, details some of the experiments of M. Flourens on the brains of pigeons. It follows then, says M. Flourens, that there are no different seats for different faculties, nor for different sensations. The faculty of perceiving, judging, or wishing a thing, resides in the same place as the faculty of perceiving, judging, or wishing any other thing: consequently this faculty, essentially one, resides also in an indi-

vidual organ. We need scarcely say, says Dr. Lord (page 400) this conclusion emphatically destroys craniology 'from the roots: *the brain is one and not many organs.*'

Now, what particular thing the poor pigeon wished for, during the time M. Flourens was slashing away at the pigeon's brain, upwards, downwards, across and sideways, except that M. Flourens himself should be substituted in the place of the pigeon, I cannot well divine: but to bring an experiment on a pigeon's brain pared away in all possible directions, after being exposed and laid bare, as conclusive against the numerous physiological facts of men so accurate and well informed as Gall and his followers, may be conclusive to such flippant critics as an Edinburgh Reviewer, or a manufacturer of popular tracts for London Societies, but it will hardly pass current elsewhere. More especially, as the late experiments of M. M. Foville and Pinel Grandchamp, supported by the cases of M. Lapeyronie and Petit de Namur, have added force to the fine discovery of Sir Charles Bell on the separate functions of the anterior and posterior fasciculae of the spinal chord; and proved that the latter extended into the cerebellum.

But Dr. Lord has aimed some other death blows at the organology of Dr. Gall. The organ of amativeness is placed in the nuke of the neck as a protuberance of the cerebellum. Ferusac, in his Medical Bulletin for October, 1831, it seems, has given an account of a girl who had no cerebellum; but was morbidly affected by those inclinations, and died under the indulgence of them. Here then is the developement of a passion, where the appropriate organ, according to Gall, is totally wanting.

I reply, 1st. The posterior fasciculi of the spinal chord, enter the cerebellum, and form part of it: the phenomena, therefore, may have been occasioned by a chronic subinflammation or irritation of those nerves in the upper part of the medulla spinalis: 2d. The symptoms may have arisen from a chronic irritation of the parts, independent of any consideration of the cerebral organ. Analogous to such as might be produced, at any time, by cantharides. 3d. It is a difficulty, or may be so considered, which the present state of facts do not enable us yet to explain. But this forms no fatal objection to a theory, in all other respects, well supported by known and undeniable facts.

But another fatal blow is aimed at the phrenologists by Dr. Lord; who has hurled at them the skull of Dr. David Gregory. This gentleman had been Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and afterward Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. It appears by actual admeasurement, that the organ of *destructiveness* in Dr. Gregory, was larger than in the murderers Burke, Haggart, Anderson, Glen, Balfour, Pope, Mortimer Collins, Clydesdale, and Divan: and yet, strange to say, Dr. Gregory does not appear to have committed any murder during the whole course of his life, as, according to Dr. Gall, it was his bounden duty to have perpetrated! Dr. Lord, I am afraid, forgot to allow some slight drawback from his argument, considering that Dr. Gregory was not educated among thieves and cut-throats, but among learned men, to a learned and scientific profession, in a society which furnished every possible counteracting motive to vicious propensities.

Under such circumstances, natural propensities are modified and kept in habitual and constant check; nor can any probable exciting cause be suggested in the life of learned labor and honorable profession passed by Dr. Gregory, that would call this propensity, if he had it, into criminal exercise: nor does the existence of the organ imply any criminal tendency.

But moreover, all the criminals in jail had the organ of *causality* larger than it was in the forehead of Dr. Gregory. Very possibly. But the criminals in jail were not, from their boyhood, brought up to a life of literary labor, like Dr. Gregory; and were, therefore, not quite so well qualified as Dr. Gregory to become Savilian Professors of Astronomy. Dr. Lord's memory, I suspect, is rather treacherous, or he would not have forgotten to notice this slight drawback to the result of his admeasurments. But enough of these worthless objections to the system of separate organs in the brain; a system whose foundations rest upon physiological facts so numerous, and so well established, that it may truly be said to be founded on a rock. The facts and arguments that serve as its basis, I endeavored to state fairly in the first number of the Southern Review; and I see nothing yet to shake the opinion there expressed.

But although I regarded it as a truth well established, that the brain is the organ and apparatus of intellect and of mental affections and propensities, and although I deem it a position not now to be overturned, that the brain is a congeries of organs, each being appointed to its own appropriate function and duty, and confined to that—yet if I am to decide on the accuracy of the detailed map of the cranium as presented by Gall and Spurzheim, I must acknowledge that I am not prepared to accompany them the whole length of their journey.

I object to the craniological maps of Gall and Spurzheim,

1. That the outside and inside of the bone of the skull, do not correspond in such a manner as the theory of protuberances requires. Partial thickening of the cranium, from various causes, will make perceptible differences, as any one can ascertain by inspecting and feeling a portion of the cranial bone.

2. The enlargement of the organs by education and the effects of social intercourse on the mind after the scull has acquired its adult thickness, are not allowed for.

3. In the map of the brain under the scull, it is often seen that many organs overlap, producing a manifest source of uncertainty in the calculation.

4. No allowance in Gall's theory is made for energy of action, as a substitute for bulk, nor is the *generality* of the position that increase of size always indicates increase of power, sufficiently made out.

5. We see among our fellow creatures so many heads that form exceptions to the rules of craniology, that we are led into constant doubt and uncertainty.

The numerous organs plotted out on the forehead and over the eyes, are so manifestly crowded on each other, as to exclude all accurate observation—so little space is left for accuracy of boundary that, to the generality of observers, it conveys a suspicion that fancy has had more

to do with the map than fact; and a doubt is cast over the whole system as applicable to any practical purpose.

7. The protuberances on the scull, can only indicate the protuberances of the upper convolutions of the white medullary part of the brain. They have not yet been shown as connected with the base of the brain, nor has the base of the brain been mapped out by Gall and Spurzheim into separate organs. Yet there is much reason to believe that the nervous fibres of the base of the brain are of much more importance phrenologically, than the pulpy medullary matter of the convolutions.

8. No proof is given that the depressions of the skull takes place, when an internal protuberance in whole or in part is obliterated by disease or by old age.

9. The skull may be thickened by causes that do not affect the convolutions underneath.

10. The phrenological terms and language employed to designate the affections, propensities, and intellectual capacities, are so vague as to contain no certain and definite ideas on which an observer may safely rely.

All these objections appear to me to be fair and reasonable in the present state of the science: how far they may be obviated by close and incessant observation, or by an accumulation of facts hereafter, I do not pretend to say.

Still when I read the manifest exhibition of great talent, of laborious industry, of a mind full offact and information most ably brought to bear on his subject by Dr. Gall: the boldness, fullness and fairness with which he states and meets all objections: the manifest marks of an honest disposition as well as a superior mind that pervades all his writings—I consider the statements of such a writer as entitled to respectful consideration from every man who possesses intellect himself. Nor can any one read the writings of Spurzheim or of Dr. Combe without feeling that men of such manifest talent and so full of accurate information bearing upon their subject, are not to be treated as visionaries or charlatans. I grant readily, that if their designation of organs can stand the test of repeated observation by a long series of independent observers, and a reasonable induction of corroborative facts, it must, on all the common rules of reasoning, be allowed. But they have crowded the space so much, as to render this extremely difficult. That the animal propensities are situated on the back part of the head, and the intellectual in the front, is an observation so general that it may be considered as true, in spite of some anomalies and exceptions. That the organs of combativeness or energy of resistance, including destructiveness, the organ of acquisitiveness, and of causality, and the organs of amativeness, and love of offspring, are well mapped, is conceded by all observers with whom I have conversed: so is the organ of verbal memory. But every man must be content, in the present state of our knowledge, to trust chiefly to his own eye-sight, and his own oft-repeated observation. To the many, phrenology yet bears a vagueness of aspect, that indicates infancy.

The third point that the phrenologist seems bound to prove, that the power of an organ depends on the developement of bulk, is made out

not by direct and satisfactory fact, but by reasoning and analogy only, from the association of intellect with large heads. Nor do the phrenologists allow for energy of action as a substitute for size. The muscles remaining the same in size, the strength of a maniacal patient is much greater than in sound health.

The fourth point that the protuberances of the cranium indicate the size of the organ underneath, is by no means satisfactorily proved, even as a general position.

Their fifth position that intellect bears some as yet indefinite proportion to the size of the cerebral organ indicated, may be true; but that proportion, in the present state of knowledge, is too indefinite to be of much value.

The sixth position is undoubtedly true: that whatever may become of the anatomical and physiological theories connected with this subject, a conclusion drawn from a great number of accurate observations respecting the connection between some tendency or capacity, and a particular form of the scull, cannot be rejected as a matter of fact, merely because there are objections to the theory that accounts for it.

Such appears to me to be a fair and honest view of the present state of phrenological pretension. I observe that M. Milne Edwards has considered it as a doctrine in many respects plausible or probable; but, upon the whole, as yet vague and uncertain: (in his *Elemens de Zoologie* Paris, 1834) and such I believe is the opinion of the medical world at Paris generally. However, the mistakes of Gall and Spurzheim do not seem to me to loosen the foundation stones of their edifice: we must, therefore, consider the doctrines of phrenology, and its votaries, as yet under trial before a jury of the country.

I have sedulously abstained, in the present essay, from intermingling any arguments that bear upon the disputed and obnoxious doctrine of materialism, with which, in fact, phrenology has nothing to do. And the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim, do wisely in a steady rejection of all association between the two subjects, which indeed can be well treated aloof from each other.

T. C.

AGE OF CHIVALRY.

BURKE once exclaimed—as all the world knows—‘the age of chivalry is gone!—Alas, hear what Sismondi says:—‘*Cet heroism universel, nous avons nomme la Chevalerie, n'exista jamais comme fictions brillantes!*’*

* *Histoire Français*:—Introduction, p. 20.

ITALIAN POETS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

GIUSEPPE PARINI.

THE renovation, if it may be so called, of Italian literature after the period of decline and sterility it had experienced during a great part of the seventeenth century, was more decided and remarkable than any of the changes of former years. Since its birth, the poetry of Italy, more especially than any other branch of art, had undergone revolutions proportioned to those which had, from time to time, agitated that country, and changed the character of its inhabitants. The fluctuating popular taste in the department of letters, of all others most subject to vicissitudes, had occasioned a succession of epochs, in each of which poetry assumed a character distinct from its preceding or subsequent aspect. At a critical period of political affairs, when the minds of men were wrought up to a pitch of excitement above that of ordinary life, when events were maturing that were destined to shake the world, and produce the most extraordinary changes recorded in the history of nations, it is natural to suppose that the universal influence pervading all classes of the community, should be discernible in the productions of their writers, and cause a difference more marked than existed at any former time. The new impulse given to social energy would, probably, be first discovered in the works of their great authors. Add to this that more enlarged and enlightened views in literature, owing to a more extended acquaintance with that of polished modern nations, had begun to exert a highly beneficial effect upon the public taste, in loosening the chains of prejudice which had hitherto bound it too closely to admit of any advance towards improvement. It was, however, no work of a moment to emerge from the darkness, and barrenness, and absurdity that had characterised the *seicentisti*, as the writers of the preceding century were called, into the comparative splendor which distinguishes the modern school. It was the task of a few great minds to redeem Italian literature from the imputations cast upon it. The result of their labors was gradual; it was through peril and opposition, amid the cavils of the ignorant, and the sneers of the narrow minded, and the prejudiced censure of the bigoted, that so high an object was at length accomplished. To the poets particularly we would ascribe this important and beneficial change; and this because every diversity in taste or manners meets a corresponding one in the verse of a people, which, in its turn, exerts an influence over the great body of the nation. This is especially the case among a mercurial and imaginative race of men.

It is not our purpose to trace the steps by which the recent revolution in Italian letters has been brought about, by giving an account of the several writers who have contributed to it. From the first overthrow of the barbarism that had before prevailed, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the efforts of Metastasio in dramatic, and Frugoni in lyric poetry, gave a fresh impulse to genius and taste, the world witnessed the rising of one star after another, in the literary hemisphere, whose united beams shed a glorious lustre over their age, dispelling forever the gloom in which their predecessors had been involv-

ed. It shall be our task to select a few, the greatest of those illustrious names that, in our own times, have conferred a brighter splendor upon Italian renown, and endeavor, by a brief account of them and their works, to introduce them to the knowledge of the general reader. This may, we conceive, most readily be accomplished in a series of chapters, each of which shall be devoted to the character and productions of one writer, accompanied with close translations of such passages as may convey the best general idea of his scope and peculiarities.

Before commencing with the individual whose name is at the head of our present article, it is proper to advert to one entitled to eminent distinction no less from the boldness and vigor of his own genius, than from the vast influence it exerted over the literature of his country—Melchiorre Cesarotti. He was born at Padua, a city which had long prided itself upon scholastic learning, and which was now destined to give birth to an innovator who should attempt the overthrow of those altars upon which modern veneration had so long offered incense to the poets of antiquity. Cesarotti waged war against the classics, not from any incapacity to appreciate their beauties, for he was himself highly distinguished for erudition, but because he was disgusted with the servility of the adulation paid to ancient authors, particularly those of Greece. He saw that the spirit of pedantry had crept into the system of modern education, cramping the efforts of genius, and holding up frequently as unattainable models of excellence, productions whose antiquity constituted almost their sole claim to attention. He denounced this system as prejudicial to the best interests of literature. How far his judgment in this respect may have been unbiassed and correct, we shall not pretend to say; nor how far he was influenced by his newborn admiration for the literature of a modern foreign nation. Becoming acquainted with the English language, his imagination was seized at once by the novelty of imagery in the poems of Ossian, at that time much talked of in the critical world; and he immediately resolved upon making his countrymen acquainted with them, through the medium of a translation in blank verse. The northern stranger, in the new, rich and beautiful garb of Italian verse, was received with an enthusiastic welcome; and the novel opinions advocated by the translator, backed by so splendid an illustration of his views, acquired an immense accession of weight. There were not a few, however, who perceived, in the renewed ardor of his hostility to the classics, only the vehemence of one who was mistaking ‘reverse of wrong for right,’ and looked upon him as a dangerous enthusiast, who, in seeking to avoid the rocks and shallows on which he fancied poetic taste to have been stranded, rushed, with impetuosity into the opposite extreme. Yet even these read his work with avidity, and admired his talent, while they deprecated the effect of his doctrines. He was accused of unfaithfulness in translation; of overloading the sublime simplicity of his original with images and phrases, beautiful indeed in themselves, but adopted to the entire destruction of that severe majesty which constituted the greatest merit of the transalpine bard. Yet, although the accusation is justifiable, that his version is three-fourths Italian and one-fourth English, its grace and beauty, and the admirable ingenuity with which he has united the lofty and stern conceptions of

Ossian to the soft and delicious accents of his native tongue, are such as to excite the wonder and admiration of every reader. His success in this undertaking stimulated him to fresh enterprise and innovations, all having for their object the furtherance of his favorite design. Had he devoted himself more exclusively to the task of original composition, he might probably have won for himself a brighter wreath of fame, but could scarcely have attained a more triumphant ascendancy over the minds of his contemporaries, or a more enduring influence over the literature of his country.

Giuseppe, or Joseph Parini, was born in 1729. He was of obscure parentage, and was sent early in life to Milan to obtain, by the opportunities of education there afforded the poor student, knowledge to fit him for the discharge of some humble office in the church. He availed himself here of the little leisure afforded him to pursue the studies to which he was called by the peculiar bent of his genius, and read with eagerness the classic poets, and those of his own language. He also wrote verses, which the partial judgment of his friends induced him to publish, when only twenty-three, under the name of *Ripano, Eupilinso*, from *Eupilis*, the ancient appellation of the Lake Pusanio. These juvenile poems won great praise, says Francesco Reina, his biographer, because there gleamed darkly in them the incipient greatness which marked the future author. This glimmering of merit, however, we regard as questionable; and esteem it more probable that the applause bestowed upon a youthful essay was due rather to a benevolent wish to foster the genius of one who had not as yet obtained celebrity nor exhibited talent enough to excite the jealousy of his superiors. A feebleness of constitution had rendered him thin and sickly from his birth; but the natural vigor of early youth, enabled him to resist, for a period, the progress of a malady whose increasing violence impaired the energy of his manhood, and rendered almost helpless his declining age. He was compelled, on account of the weak state of his health, to retire from the seminary before the completion of his studies. Nor was bodily ailment the sole evil with which our poet had to struggle; one equally formidable, poverty, opposed him at every step. Many of his verses, in which complaints are wrung from him by his misfortunes, depict the extremest indigence. He had parted with a small paternal inheritance to minister to the wants of an aged mother; and supported both her and himself by writing articles for a newspaper, little profit accruing from his poems, for, in Italy, the votary of the muse has seldom any other reward than her smile. Yet the weight of penury and disease was not sufficient to bow down a spirit fraught with the noblest gifts of humanity; and the dignity and majesty of his deportment was such as to command universal attention and respect. He is described by his Italian biographer as being of tall stature and agreeable countenance, with dark brilliant eyes, and exceeding grace in all his movements. The suavity of his manners, and his conversational powers, no less than his intellectual renown, recommended him to the notice of many illustrious families; and a familiar guest at the tables of the great, he had occasion continually to observe the frivolities and follies he afterwards chastised. Parini adventured upon a new field in satire; it had been usual among many

writers before him to employ the shafts of ridicule against vice, but they either railed at vice in the abstract, or against the follies common to all ages and countries. Our poet imposed upon himself the task of correcting the manners of the dissolute nobles of his own time. Without any mixture of that bitterness too often cherished by the poor and neglected against the rich and powerful, or the misanthropy of one who had encountered little save misfortune in his career, he endeavored, with high and honest purpose, to make the subjects of his satire ashamed of their effeminacy and licentiousness, by painting them in vivid colors. This object he essayed to accomplish in his great work, *The Day*, the first part of which, *Il Mattino*, was published in 1763. This poem was received with distinguished applause by all Italy; for the most numerous class of citizens, those of the middle ranks, were ready to take part with one who had castigated their haughty superiors; and Parini was soon too secure in the affections of the populace, to fear the revenge of those to whom he had rendered himself formidable.

The DAY is a poem in *versi sciolti*, the Italian blank verse, divided into four cantos, answering to the natural divisions of the day into morning, noon, evening and night. The poet, under the form of advice to a youthful nobleman, describes, with ludicrous minuteness of detail, the employments of a man of rank and fashion, during the twenty-four hours. In a continued strain of irony, he commends, to his pupil, the most frivolous occupations of the toilette, the table, and public amusements; gravely exhorting him not to be behind his noble peers in the race of extravagance and dissipation. The satire is rendered more keen by frequent allusions to persons, at that time, well known in Italy. Though disguised as much as possible, none could fail to discover that his pictures were drawn from living characters. 'There was not a single Milanese,' says Hobhouse, 'who did not see, in the chief personage of the poem, the Prince Belgiojoso, of the reigning family of Este, the eldest brother of the Field Marshal of the same name, who was Austrian Ambassador at our Court, and Governor of the Low Countries.'

The occupations of the morning, from the hero's hour of waking, to the completion of the toilette, the visits of the hair dresser, the dancing master, &c., are described with amusing minuteness, and embellished by illustrations drawn from classic allegories or mythology. Thus when the equanimity of the young lord is disturbed by the ignorance or misconduct of a servant, the vehement exhibition of his anger is thus illustrated:

So from the thunderer's altar starts away
The sacred bull, bursting the tangled cords,
And scours the plain; while strew the trampled soil
Tripods and cups—the wreath—the hallowed axe—
The knife of slaughter; and with fearful roar
Echo the trembling high arched vaults—around
On every side priests and spectators rush
Pallid and shrieking, to escape the rage
Of the fierce brute, all gentleness before,
That, crowned with flowers, beneath the sacred hand
Bent low his gilded horn.

The frivolous books which absorb the mind of a being heedless of aught

but the gratification of corrupted tastes, are mentioned in the highest strain of encomium:

Oh food most worthy of a soul sublime!
 Oh noble mind! indisputably just
 The reverent crowd should bend to thee, and wait
 Their oracles from lips of thine. Who now
 Rashly may dare contemn thee in his heart,
 When, risen from studies such as these, thy wisdom
 The ignorance of thy country doth arraign,
 And strive to penetrate with glorious ray,
 The Gothic mist that darkly broods upon
 The eyes of thy sad countrymen.

The ceremony of powdering the hair is next described, and suggests the following allegory:

With fierce debate resounded on a time
 The Court of Love. There old and wrinkled men
 Dared with their youthful rivals to dispute
 Rank and regard, before his very throne,
 Their common lord. The disputants meanwhile
 In fresh and smiling youth laughed scornfully,
 And chid with bitter and disdainful words
 Age's presumption. High the tumult rose;
 When Love, who in his court abhors the sight
 Of aught like disagreement, came to quench
 Their foolish anger. In his service some
 Had aged grown:—he bade them imitate
 With art the flowers that on the cheek of youth
 Nature doth plant and rear with genial hand;
 Then at his nod imperial, straight were seen
 A thousand winged ministers, on high
 Floating—who from their glittering wings shook down
 The snowy dust upon each youthful head,
 Changing to universal white their blond
 And raven locks, and even detested red.
 Thus in Love's equal kingdom eyes no more
 Distinguish either age.

The fable of Love and Hymen is also here introduced, and is especially amusing to one familiar with the customs of Italy, and acquainted with the general laxity of morals in Italian society. Cupid is confided to the charge of his brother Hymen, in their pilgrimage through the world, but soon wearies of control, and, as his wings expand and his strength increases, openly renounces his authority, and refuses to travel any longer in his company. After vainly endeavoring to reconcile the disputants, Venus consents that each shall reign in a divided kingdom, and directs that Cupid shall rule all day, and Hymen all night. Parini, throughout his work, is especially severe upon the profligacy of the nobles; always detailing their vices in a tone of ironical commendation. He enjoins upon his hero the most devoted and chivalrous attention to the lady of his choice, who is, of course, the wife of another.

“La pudica altrui Sposa a te cara.”

His sarcasm is rendered more pungent by comparing and contrasting the effeminacy of modern days with the sturdy virtues of ancient times, always bestowing the palm of honor and esteem upon the luxury and

folly of the descendants, rather than the boldness and simplicity of the ancestors. Describing his hero emerging from the cloud of snowy dust above mentioned, he says:

So thy great ancestor, mid smoke and flame
On Mars' dread field, burst to the battle forth
His country's gods defending, and in flight
Urged his ferocious foes. Yet he, with face
Deformed with smoke, with sweat and murky gore,
His rough locks torn and tangled, from the fray
Came forth, a spectacle of terror even
To those his hand had saved. But thou most fair
And lovely to all eyes, in snowy robe
Shall soon emerge, to bless the longing gaze
Of thy dear country, for whom welfare wrought
The strong arm of the ancestor,—the face
Beaming celestial beauty of the Son!

And again:

Ye of another age, our rustic sires
Severe, come now to look upon the deeds
Of your illustrious sons. With gory blades
Girt at your sides, among the savage rocks
Ye loved to dwell, savage in aspect too,
Rigid your cheeks with hairy piles—communing
With outlaws, and rejoicing but to wield
The arms that sent the deadly bullet through
Your rivals' armor in the nightly breach.
Now stand your more illustrious sons—and 'twixt
The tranquil fingers playful agitate
The sparkling seals that from the watch depend.
Their task all things to primal innocence
To turn the world to infancy again.

The poet's perpetual allusions to the classic fables of antiquity, and his application of them to the customs of modern times, diversify his work, and amusingly illustrate the principles he professes to teach. Thus in the *Mezzogiomo*, speaking of his pleasing task, as a bard, to influence the gentle mind of his pupil:

So midst the goblets and the flower-crowned wines
'Mong which with pomp the Carthaginian queen
Regaled her guest, the hoary minstrel raised
The genial song, while drank the enamored dame
From bright and stranger eyes forgetfulness
Of dead Lichæus. So too, when in vain
Bereaved Ithaca from Neptune craved
Laertes' son, the bard with verse and harp
Gladdened the table where the Suitors sate,
Whose presence there Ulysses' fattened lambs,
And sparkling liquors, and most faithful spouse
Invited.—Bend, oh, youthful lord, thine ears
Propitious, to my song, while, 'mid new Didos,
New Suitors, and Penelopes as true,
It lures thee to the board.

In the midst of the vast cares of the dinner hour, the nobleman's duty as a gallant cavalier must not be forgotten; the lady of his love must still occupy the greatest share of his attention, next to that he bestows

upon his own delicate person. Yet the calm tenor of their affection must be diversified by occasional disputes:

Yet, yet remember, in the loving breast
What mischief doth too long tranquillity.
The ocean's calm is perilous. Oh, how oft
The weary pilot o'er his moveless prow
Invokes the tempest, and such cruel aid
Denied, exhausted, parched and famished lies;
With the dull stagnant air oppressed—among
His useless crew that languish on the deck.
Therefore, young lover, call the events to mind
Of the past night; with words and signs obscure
Assail her. If that in her face delight
More than is wont to harbor, did appear
At some fair stranger's sight—or with bright lips
Half parted, like the sea-shell, the awaited
The honey balm of unfamiliar tones:—
Or with the eager glance from place to place
Pursued the follower of Mars, the idol
Of female vows, amid whose favored locks
With the triumphant laurel there doth twine
A thousand leaves of the Italian myrtle.
Conscious the fair, or innocent, meanwhile,
A cloud of anger, real or assumed,
Her brow will overshad; the snowy shoulder
Will gently twitch—the pearly teeth compress
The nether lip, &c.

He chides any possible disdain of the pleasures of the table.

Oh, offspring of the gods!
Shame not to yield some moments to the feast,
No vulgar task is the repast with you;
To those alone 'tis such, whom urgent need
Resistless, doth impel. To this the bear
Yields, and the tiger, and the falcon fierce,
The bird, the sea-fish, and all baser clay
That dwells on earth; while you with roseate lip
Pleasure alone inviteth to the board.
Pleasure, who doth prepare the food of gods,
And to partake the nectar bids the living
With the immortal deities.
Be it false or sooth—fame says in former times
All men were equal; and unknown the names
Of Noble, or Plebeian. To their union,
To common food, to sleep, an equal instinct
Impelled the human race; and none the choice
Of objects or of places or of hours
Craved or bestowed. Upon the self-same bank,
With the same interest, 'neath the self-same shade
Then did recline the fathers of thy blood,
Young lord, and those of the despised serf.
One soil did offer them repose, one cavern
A shelter; and rough vestments clothed their limbs
From the same brutes produced. But one sole care
Was their's—to shun all pain;—an unknown thing
Was yet desire to any human breast.
This uniformity of mortal aspect
Displeased the gods—and to diversify
The face of earth was pleasure thither sped,

As once the deities on Ilium's plain,
 The Power propitious, lightly in mid air
 Floating, drew nigh to earth that smiled with joy
 Unfelt before. He moved—the summer air
 Fresh from the foaming stream, the fragrant hills,
 Caressed his glowing limbs, and gently glided
 Along the lines of his voluptuous form.
 Around him all the sports and graces thronged
 And, like ambrosia, from his swelling lips
 Soft accents flowed, and from his half-closed eyes
 Moist, languid, glances shot of tremulous light
 Which fired the air that he, descending, pressed
 Upon thy breast. O Earth, thou then didst feel
 His footstep first, and soon a rapturous thrill
 Pervaded all, and still increasing, moved
 Great Nature's heart. So in the summer day
 The thunder comes in murmurs from afar,
 With deep-toned voice swells up from mount to mount,
 While round, the forest and the vale give back
 The stormy echoes:—groans the fruitless hill
 Which men and brutes and flowers, and herbs, makes glad
 With beauty and rejoicing.

The ceremonies of the table, and the recreations that succeeded, are detailed with a precision and minuteness highly amusing and even instructive to those unfamiliar with the customs of the day. This must have been greatly annoying to the higher ranks, who saw their most trivial and common occupations thus made the subject of ridicule. The manœuvres of the coxcomb to excite attention, and fix it upon his dress and person, are described with the same pretence of recommendation, observed throughout the poem.

To him so prodigal was Nature's hand
 She knew not other ornament to heap
 Upon that wondrous face, and said to Art
 'Complete my work!' and Art, with eager care,
 Put forth her powers. Sweet liquids, precious dyes,
 Pastilles and powders, ointments delicate
 Were ventured all for him. Whate'er of new
 And wonderful the shuttle e'er could weave,
 Or French or English chisel carve, on him
 Was first bestowed. Oh, past conception blest,
 Who first a snuffbox could display, if wrought
 In form unknown before! The burning envy
 Of jealous peers defames him and devours:
 While he in pride self-wrapt, exultingly
 Causes to glitter in their sight the trophy
 From Paris latest won his hand to adorn.
 So in the face of Egypt proud of old,
 Lord of the glowing cup! didst *thou* appear
 On high the clustering jocund rubies bearing
 Of the first grape: So Jason, thou perchance,
 When to astonished Thessaly thou showedst
 The golden fleece.

Thus are the hours devoted to this most important meal beguiled by the choicest inventions of fancy and wit: the treasures gleaned in the moments of study are lavished to entertain the guests, and display the genius of the exhibitor.

"Fia la mensa
Il favorevol loco ove al sol esca
De' brevi studj il glorioso frutto."

The following is a comparison between the ancient and present condition of Night.

Once in thick darkness wrapt, and perils dire
Lone, pensive, pale, O Night, on high thou sat'st
Above the timid earth. The feeble rays
Of stars remote, and planets gleaming far,
That in the silence walked, thy gloom did pierce
Only enough to make it felt the more.
Thy shadow, fearful, giant-like, was seen
Rise o'er the dwellings and the lofty towers
Whose base with ancient bones and skulls were sown;
While 'mid the gloom the owl, the hoopoe stern,
And monsters that the sunlight pure abhorred,
Flapped their dull wings, and with shrill sudden cries
Brought omens ill;—and wan and spiral flames
From earth ascending, wavered in the air
Sullen and mute. * * *

* * * 'Tis said that phantoms pale
Along the walls, and o'er the desert roofs
Sent wide their sad lament, to which afar
In the vast darkness howled the answering dog.
Such wast thou, Night, of old, when ancestors
From whom my noble hero boasts descent
Were rude and hardy; with the tranquil West—
Their hunger satiate,—sinking into sleep;
Till blithe Aurora, stealing up the sky,
Called them to toil: the wandering stream to guide
In paths unknown, to watch the new-born fields
By which new greatness to their offspring came,
Their cities and their homes.

But lo, the Loves,
Their mother Venus! Lo! of pomp and joy
The genii, that now triumph over Night.
The night now sacred to my youthful lord.
Lo! with new light before them all things shine;
The envious gloom is fled, to spread its wings
Above those caves and cells where men and brutes
Sleep, by fatigue condemned. With wonder struck,
Night sees more brightly than in daylight gleam
Around her, golden cornices, and walls
With gems adorned—and vestments varieus, fair,
And snowy arms, and glancing glorious eyes
And precious snuff-boxes, and buckles bright,
And rings—and wonders more than tongue can name.
Old Chaos thus, when on his mighty breast
Love brooding, quickened it with genial wing,
Heaved 'neath the power creative, saw new glory
Break forth; himself with wonder saw unfold
The unknown treasures in his breast concealed.

The foregoing extracts, though presented in our imperfect translation, may serve to show the design of Parini's work, and to give some idea of its character. Without, in any part, rising to the dignity of the highest order of poetry, of which, indeed, the subject hardly admitted, it is well calculated to enchain attention by its beauty and novelty of imagery, and charms of diction. Even in the detail of the most trifling

and frivolous incidents, the most contemptible follies and vices, the poet never descends to vulgarity or buffoonery, nor stoops to minister to a depraved taste. He is always elevated, if never sublime; his ridicule even exalts the objects of his censure, by casting over them the veil of fanciful decoration. Another circumstance gives additional power to his satire; there is in it no ill nature, nothing of the animosity which might be imputed to the effect of disappointment; his love and respect for human nature are never more obvious than when he is lashing the vices of his fellow men. His project of correcting the manners and morals of the nobility, by exhibiting their faults in a contemptible light, is evident throughout.

The foreign reader, whose curiosity is not sharpened by the detection of personal resemblances in the portraits before him, will be likely to tire of the profusion of ornament perpetually heaped upon objects trivial and despicable in themselves. The continued tone of irony, too, ceases to awaken attention after the first effect is worn off, and somewhat fatigues the reader. Yet there is no falling off in wit or pungency of satire; and the same fire of expression, and beauty of language, is preserved through the poem.

If Parini was really wanting in the creative faculty, or invention, he made amends for the deficiency by his scrupulous delicacy of execution. To so great an extent did he carry this fastidiousness, that it induced him to suppress many of his productions, as unworthy of the Italian name. As he composed with great slowness and difficulty, this was a serious obstacle in the way of his publishing numerous poems. The Day is his greatest work; yet notwithstanding the favor with which it was received, only the first two cantos were published before his death. Many odes, sonnets and canzoni remain as monuments of his industry, but few of them possess any great degree of merit. As a specimen of his lighter style, we annex the following lines, composed doubtless in a playful mood. We suspect they are not much improved by our translation:

INDIFFERENCE.

Cupid all in a pet one day
 At some poor lover's wayward mood,
 To Venus thus was heard to say,
 'I will have vengeance, by the rood!
 Downward to hell's abyss he sped,
 And, 'Monarch of these realms,' he said,
 'If e'er my power to thee has given
 Affections, raptures born of heaven,
 By all my bounty prized so dear
 I charge thee to my suit give ear!
 What, all the cruel'st pangs among
 That Pluto's drear dominions throng,
 What bids the bitterest tear drop start,
 What fiercest rends the lover's heart?
 Find it, and grant to me the boon
 A mortal's guilt to punish soon.'
 'Love! in my kingdom all is thine;
 I bow me to thy will divine!'

Stern Dis replied, and with his hand
 Gave speedy signal of command.
 Lo! wending through the solemn gloom,
 Like dark-robed ministers of doom,
 Come forth the sons of Pain and Fear
 Destined the loving breast to tear.
 Sternness with frowning brow is seen,
 And Anger with his threatening mien;
 Restless Caprice, and withering Scorn;
 And Doubt, of fickle fancies born:
 And harsh Repulse, and Absence dread,
 And Banishment, by Sadness led
 Upon the gloomy band full long
 Indignant Love uncertain hung;
 Him the stern monarch marked the while,
 And thus bespoke with secret smile:
 'Gifted indeed to choose, thou art,
 Oh Lord of each celestial heart!
 The best delights, with heavenly skill,
 Each living soul with joy to fill.
 But nought of torments dost thou know!
 Look! foremost in the band of wo
 In this abode—with tranquil air
 If cold Indifference stalk not there!
 Go to! the keenest trial this
 Of the enamored, constant soul;
 The deepest, bitterest wound to bliss
 For those who bow to Love's control.'
 Alas! the indignant god hath ta'en
 That monster sad of cureless pain,
 And, urged by vengeance, swiftly flies
 To place him in the maiden's eyes.
 The hapless youth who could have borne
 Sternness, Caprice, and withering Scorn,
 Anger and Doubt, of fancies bred,
 And harsh Repulse, and Absence dread,
 And Banishment—all vainly strove
 Against the frown of tranquil pride;
 A victim to the art of Love,
 'Neath cold Indifference he died!

One of the most celebrated among Parini's smaller poems, is an ode *Sul vestere alla Ghigliotina*, a fashion of dress lately imported from Paris, addressed to a young lady; and which, for elegance and grace, has been seldom equalled. Another, remarkable for pathos and philosophy, is called the *Caduta*, in which he alludes to his personal inconveniences.

The publication of Parini's principal work, while it gratified the prejudices of the middle class, provoked the inveterate enmity of the fashionable nobles. His friends, and a few of the more liberal minded patricians, interested themselves in placing him in a situation which procured him the means of subsistence; but though his enemies did not dare openly to express their resentment, nor reveal how deep the wounds he had inflicted, they wrought secretly against him, and succeeded in depriving his old age of many comforts, and almost of a decent shelter.

He died in his seventieth year, after a life of hardship and suffering, preserving, to the latest hour of his existence, the vigor of his intellect.

It is said that he finished a composition but half an hour before his dissolution. His name will long stand eminent in the literary history of his country, as the founder of a new school in satirical poetry, associated with affectionate remembrances of the honest, independent and patriotic individual.

E. F. E.

Columbia. S. C.

THE PARTING.

ADDRESSED BY A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER ON HER LEAVING HIM TO GO TO A DISTANT LAND.

My child can'st thou leave me,
Oh, remember the pangs I have felt for thy sake!
And wilt thou now grieve me,
Or strain the strong cords of my heart till it break?
Oh, say can'st thou go,
And leave me in wo
A prey to despair and phrensy so wild?
What joy, what comfort, what peace can I know,
If thou leav'st me my child?

My child, can'st thou leave me?
Can'st thou fly from affection as holy as mine?
Thou can'st not, believe me,
With love more enduring thy heart intertwine.
When in childhood you sigh'd,
All rest was denied,
And my hours were sad until sweetly you smil'd,
Ah then! every fountain of sorrow was dried;
Can'st thou leave me, my child?

My child, can'st thou leave me,
For strangers who care not, who feel not for you?
Oh, they may deceive thee,
And encumber thy way with wormwood and rue;
But the wreath that is wove
By a father's whole love,
Of flowers that bloom in our forests so wild,
Shall be twin'd round thy brow by the peace-offring Dove;
Can'st thou leave me, my child?

My child, can'st thou leave me?
When time's snowy blossoms are crowning my head,
Shall the damp earth receive me,
With none to deplore, when my spirit has fled?
Man's short pilgrimage here,
Is but sorrow and care,
By affection his hours are only beguiled,
Oh! where are the drops that fall on my bier—
Can you leave me, my child?

ENGLISH VIEWS OF THE LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN, AND
OF THE POLITICAL AND DOMESTIC CHARACTER OF
THE PEOPLE OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME.

THE views and sentiments with which the historical and other writers of Great Britain have, from time to time, presumed to approach the august annals of antiquity, have, in almost every instance, been clouded and distorted by the political prejudices of a people to whom no atmosphere is so congenial as that which envelops a court; and who can see nothing to admire in any system of government that is not propped by the Corinthian columns of a privileged order of nobles, and the ghostly pillars of a monied hierarchy;* and, as was perhaps to have been expected, we, in America, have yielded to the delusion thus practised upon us; and, though living under institutions more nearly allied to the republics of ancient Greece and Rome, than are those of any other people of modern times, we have yet suffered ourselves to be duped and led astray by the constituted organs and accredited oracles of a nation with whom, in spite of a most unfortunate and to be deplored community of language, it is scarcely possible that we should entertain or cherish any thing like a cordial reciprocation of feelings or ideas.† Misled by the designs of British tories and monarchists, in whose views upon this subject,—strange as it may appear,—we seem to have been accustomed, and indeed to have considered it our duty, to place the most implicit

* The London *Morning Chronicle* furnishes an humiliating picture of the manner in which the funds of the British nation are, in too many instances, appropriated. The recent suppression of the 'Royal Society of Literature,' with the consequent extinction of its honors, and the pecuniary allowances made to men of letters, has been very pointedly and properly contrasted with the 'pensions wasted,' says the Chronicle, 'on the most worthless of the community, and paid for by money wrung from the people of England.' The immense wealth of the Church of England is lavished on men who would seem to have no other nor better claim upon it than that which arises from their connexion with those in the possession of *Parliamentary interest*. The individuals thus benefitted in their estate, are, of course, supporters of the system,—no matter how corrupt—whereby they live; and the oppressive manner in which the revenues of the Church are raised, gives *them*, accordingly, little or no concern; while 'the degree of learning,' says the paper just quoted, 'that is to be found in the Church, is confined to those who have *no Church preferment*, and can hardly hope to have any.' It might well be asked, was the author of the 'Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner,' who lost his pension on the suppression of the 'Royal Society,' less entitled to one than a mere scion of nobility, or court favorite?

† A community of language, it should not be disguised, is desirable only for nations living under one and the same government—otherwise we hold it to be destructive of the arts, and injurious to the best interests of Liberty itself. The states of antiquity were indebted for their independence, and exemption from the despotic sway each of the other, to the languages, or the modifications of them in the form of distinct dialects, which they severally spoke and cultivated. There is no closer bond of affinity,—we had almost said of affection—than that of language. We think we hazard little in saying, that the barbarians of Thrace were indebted for their freedom from the yoke of Grecian subjugation, to their ignorance of the language of the Athenians,—notwithstanding the near neighborhood of the two countries.

faith—too many of us, in this country, have accordingly imbibed the notion, impressed upon us by those worthies, that the ancient Romans were a race of mere warlike savages, destitute of those virtues and graces of character which, it is carefully insinuated, always, by our English preceptors (whose docile pupils and faithful disciples we have evidently taken a pride in being) have had the effect of redeeming the wonderful annals of the Scots and Picts!* Now we can assure the American reader,—however loth he may be to set any value upon an authority at home—that the Roman character stands on far higher ground, and

* It is a little singular, to say the least, that while the republican *theory* is so much in vogue, at this moment, throughout nearly the whole of Europe, we, in this country, should be emulating the manners of the monarchical governments of the old world. Habits and customs are more despotic than laws; and it behoves us to take care lest at no distant day we exhibit the strange spectacle of a people who, though still living under a free government, have lapsed from that virtuous simplicity of manners that should characterise a republic; and gradually become the slaves of those conventional ideas, and the practices that flow from them, that should find countenance and support only under despotic institutions. The *Masquerade Ball*, given, not long since, at Washington, was described, if we remember, in the papers of that city, as being in *express imitation* of those which we believe take place annually at the London Opera House, called the 'King's Theatre'—that is, Princes, Dukes, Lords and Ladies, in their appropriate dresses—with ribbons, stars and garters,—figured away at the *American Masquerade!* Practices like these, are like the "vice" described by the poet, which to be "hated needs but to be seen;"

"But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then—embrace!"

It was not until Rome,—up to that moment severe in her republicanism—had imbibed a relish for the luxuries and elegant vices of Greece (when Greece was herself no longer free) that the old Roman spirit was unnerved and debased, and began to decline—it was not until these had gained an ascendancy over the stern minds of her sons, that the ancient mistress of the world bowed her to the dust, and yielded up her freedom!

Let us not despise these beacons, shining as they do along the waste of time, but be *guided* by them; and we may yet hope to escape alike the whirlpool and the rock that either engulfed or shattered into fragments the 'gilded vessels' of other times, freighted as they were with the hopes and fears—the destinies of nations once as free, as vast and mighty as ourselves. We know that it is the generous error of noble minds to believe some things impossible; and it is perhaps worthy of remark, that, in singular proportion to the extent and intensity of his honorable conviction, are the misfortunes and the miseries that too commonly belie it—and thus undeceive us only when it is too late to profit by the painful knowledge of our error. A vigilant distrust may be the vile characteristic of despots, and the inevitable instinct of a nation of slaves; but, while a free and brave people may well repudiate the sentiments of a mean and unmanly fear, it surely behoves them, at the same time, to keep a steady and regardful eye upon the sacred flame kindled by Liberty upon the altars of their country. Be their *virtues* the immortal source from which that flame derives its lustre, and it burns as securely and as surely amid the tempest, as it beams serenely amid the calm, of the political elements that invest it. But let that guardian watchfulness once slumber, or, for a moment, intermit, and the light,—as sensitive as it is ethereal,—which cheers and illumines the great pathway of nations, as certainly declines beneath neglect, and as inevitably withdraws its beams beneath the chilling atmosphere of indifference or disregard, as the tenderest and most beautiful growths, in the natural world, surprised by the rigors of a premature winter, droop, and ultimately wither, for the want of that assiduous care that might have sheltered their blossoms, and preserved them from the blight.

rests on a much better foundation than he has been taught, by British writers, to believe it does; and that to invincible prowess, the Romans added not only the love of country, but those civic and *domestic* virtues which enabled them properly to appreciate and to *apply*, in time of peace, the fruits of those amazing victories that so seldom failed to crown their arms. ‘Think not,’ said the elder Cato to the Roman Senate, ‘it was merely by force of arms that our forefathers raised the Republic from a low condition to its present greatness; no! but by things of a very different nature—industry and discipline at home; abstinence and justice abroad; a disinterested spirit in council, unblinded by passion, and unbiassed by pleasure.’†

There is abundant evidence, then—various and well authenticated anecdotes and facts which go to show, most conclusively, that in dignity and true *refinement* of manners—in elevation of sentiment—in *public virtue*, in that absorbing, that high and holy love of country, which was ready, at any moment, to seal its deathless devotion with the blood nearest and dearest to it—that on all these great points, the people of modern times are as much below the standard of the ancients, at the better periods of their history, as they are confessedly inferior to them in literature and the arts. The truth is that many, even of our American scholars, have but an imperfect acquaintance with the mind and manners of the ancients, forestalled, as we have been, by English authors, who, for the most part, and for reasons which, though sufficiently obvious to a few, perhaps, have not, in general, been detected, or even suspected among us,—are the affected *apologists* of the social barbarians,‡ and political anarchists of *republican* antiquity. They can see nothing to commend in a people to whom the ‘divine right of kings,’—an amalgamation of Church and State—an hereditary order of nobility—preferments, pensions and sinecures, thrown away, in most instances, upon the worthless and the vile,—together with a wretched and corrupt Borough system—the wonder-working mysteries and moralities, in short, of a constitutional monarchy,—were utterly, and, we may add, happily, unknown. Apart from these, and neither rational liberty, nor national refinement of manners, it is sedulously inculcated, always, can possibly hope for either countenance or support.

Thus, then, superadded to the difficulty,—from which, with all their boasted learning, we presume the English to have been, nevertheless, not altogether exempt—of understanding so as properly to appreciate the language of the ancient classics, we have, in their historical writers, national prejudices and prepossessions, tinging and tainting all their views upon this subject, to contend with,—exhibiting, themselves, in this, as in almost every other respect, a striking contrast to that very people whom they have so uniformly and studiously misrepresented—a people who, perhaps beyond all others, will be found to have instilled into their *literature*, the spirit of those exalted and rare qualities which made

* Salust. Bell. Catalin.

† La Harpe, somewhere in his ‘Course of Literature,’ speaks, (and with far greater reason we suspect) of the ‘barbarians’ of a period not very remote from his own era.

them, in their social and political relations at home, irresistible debaters and estimable men; and, in the field, enabled them to go forth ‘conquering and to conquer.’* In no department of ancient letters do these noble qualities stand more conspicuously forth, than in their historical and domestic annals.† It is for this reason that their political and biographical histories are so eminently comprehensive, clear, and succinct. There is no appeal from them—no mortifying necessity of being upon one’s guard against insidious views or motives; we are not obliged to descend to the painful drudgery of collating facts, or the inferences deduced from them; nor are we often called upon to question or impugn, in a moral point of view, the judgments which an Athenian or Roman annalist once passes upon his predecessors or contemporaries—their institutions, characters, or manners.‡ Herodotus, the most ancient of the historians of

* The truly great men of Republican antiquity never *coveted* the honors of the Republic, but were studious, always, to *deserve* them. When, in consequence of his signal services to the commonwealth, in the victories he had achieved over its enemies, a laurel-crown, to be worn on all festive days, was decreed to him,—together with other marks of distinction,—it is recorded of Pompey, that he availed himself of these honors but *once*; after which he dispensed with them, *as being contrary to the maxims and the manners of a Republic*.

This is but one among the many high and ennobling examples of patriotism and *propriety*, which are set forth in the luminous pages of antiquity, for the instruction and imitation of kindred and congenial minds in modern times.

† This is more than can be said of the English, in *their biography*. Upon this subject we are indebted to a friend (the author of ‘National Views,’ in the fourth number of this journal) for the following note, in which he reflects in severe but eminently just terms, as we think, upon Moore’s ‘Life of Sheridan’: ‘The English, in their biography,’ he observes, ‘display, in general, a relish for mere scandal, and a concern about trifles, as unbecoming as it is contemptible. Of this wretched taste we have a remarkable sample in Moore’s *Life of Sheridan*, in which he exhibits neither a favorable nor correct view either of the character or powers of that extraordinary man. Mr. Moore has also made, we think, an improper use of Sheridan’s manuscripts—exhibiting to the public the imperfect scraps and scribbled drafts of the speeches and plays which he left behind; and which most assuredly he would never himself have suffered to see the light. These can afford us no satisfactory insight into what had been the progress of his genius; and serve only to prove, what we all knew very well before, that Sheridan was careless in his habits, and indolent in his disposition. The *chipings* of Michael Angelo’s statues would be of little value to his admirers; and could furnish them with no clue to the principles upon which he constructed his great works. Mr. Moore must be forever reprehended for his destruction of Lord Byron’s ‘Memoirs;’ but he would have done well had he performed the same office for many of the memoranda and remnants of Sheridan, which he has furnished to the world,—along with various passages, in his biography,—reminding us of the well known line,

‘A tomtit twittering on an Eagle’s back.’

‡ What, on the contrary, is the fact with regard to the literature of modern times, in one department more particularly—the historical? A partisan spirit of rivalry—the conflicting interests of rival houses in politics, and of rival sects in religion,—crowned, as it were, by the perplexing and contradictory views and sentiments of writers, historical, biographical and others, *pledged* to the support of particular men and measures; traducing and persecuting their opponents with the fury of fanatics, and the malevolence of that spirit of party, which, after having sown the seeds of discord and dissension in the old world, has past over the face of the Atlantic to breathe its blight upon the new.

Greece, remains, to this hour, unshorn of his beams—undiminished and unimpaired as a great and valuable authority.

It may safely be affirmed, of the great men of antiquity, whose works have descended to us, that, in addressing themselves to future ages, they were governed and guided by the very spirit that prompted the prophetic genius of Bacon in the conception and execution of his great work upon the ‘Sciences,’ and which is so finely and touchingly pourtrayed in the following memorable passage:

“For our own parts, from an earnest desire of truth, we have committed ourselves to doubtful, difficult, and solitary ways, that at length we might make more sure and certain discoveries for the benefit of posterity; and, at the entrance of our work, with the utmost humility and fervency, we pour forth our prayer to Almighty God, that, remembering the miseries of mankind, and the pilgrimage of life, where we pass but few days, and sorrowful, he would vouchsafe, through our own hands, and the hands of others, to relieve the human race by a new act of his bounty.”*

It is for this best of reasons, then—their *sincerity*—that Montaigne is known to have given a decided preference to the orators and historians of antiquity, over those of modern times—the ardent impetuosity of Brutus charming him more than the cold declamation of Cicero, in favor of liberty. It has been justly said, that he who writes from the heart, will write to the heart. Why, asked Boileau, are my verses read by all? It is only because they speak the *truth*; and that I myself am convinced of the truth they contain.

It is this spirit of truth—it—this veraciousness—that constitutes,—apart from their unrivalled genius,†—the charm that invests and gives value to nearly the whole body of ancient literature—those wonderful works that addressed themselves—not to the age—but to all ages; that were swayed by no reference to parties, or fashions of the hour; that were the

* Prelim. Sect. 4 Inst. Part. 1.

† In assigning a regard for truth, and a strict sense of justice, as among the many distinguishing traits in the character of the great men of antiquity, we may be thought obnoxious to refutation. What, it may be asked, becomes of the *lying Greek*, and the *thieving Spartan*? To this we would reply, that the *Graecia mendax*, so complacently dwelt upon, in reference to the former, has no other or better foundation than the authority of Juvenal, who could not be expected to have too much love for the authors of a literature which his countrymen could only emulate, and never rival. With regard to the Lacedemonians, we know that it was a part of their stern Republican system of education, to inculcate fortitude and forbearance as indispensably necessary in order to bear them out in that plan, or principle, of *adroitness*, which, from motives appertaining to the *State*, they deemed it advisable to impress upon and instil into the minds of their hardy and enduring sons. Evidently of the opinion that bad means might be employed when likely to conduce to good ends, the *policy* of this Spartan practice unquestionably never had, nor was ever supposed to have, any connexion with its *morality*.

‡ *Faciebat, non fecit*, was the modest, but noble, inscription, not of the ancient *painters* merely—it was the received maxim of the *severe* genius of classic antiquity. ‘They marked their works,’ says a writer of our own, speaking of the Grecian artists, ‘by imperfect inscriptions, and half designations—as Apelles was *doing* this picture; Polycletus was *sculpturing* this image,—as if they were but begun; and could never be finished by their hands.’ Amer. Regist.

This spirit, it was, that conduced to that illustrious literature, which, if it be not perfect in itself, approaches as near to perfection, perhaps, as is compatible with the nature of the human mind.

matchless results, in short, of that loftier and holier zeal of true genius, which, as it overlooks, is contented to be overlooked, by the present—sure of its footing, and confident of its ultimate triumph.

There is another egregious error under which we labor in our general estimate of the merits of the ancients. We are accustomed to look upon them, in the main, as having been but one remove from the Heathen upon our borders, in all matters of *religion*—and for no other reason than because we have been taught by our English preceptors so to regard them. Upon this point they have been greatly misunderstood, because grossly misrepresented. The wise men—emphatically such—of antiquity, conformed, *externally*, to the popular religion—but in their closets they ridiculed it. This was unquestionably the case in the instance of Socrates,—the celebrated anecdote connected with whose death, abundantly vindicates his memory from the suspicion of entertaining sentiments at all imbued with the superstition of the times. He was a far better Christian than Hume, Gibbon, or Taylor. Aristophanes, together with Terence, Lucian, and Plautus, laugh in their sleeves at the reigning religion of the day. Do Livy, Tacitus and Cicero, Plutarch, Thucidides and Xenophon, deal only in *fables*? Do their views of human society, and, we may add, of human nature, resolve themselves into ‘dreams of the frolics of Pan, or the amours of Apollo?’* Yet, upon the subject of the popular religion of those days, what is the language of two of the most distinguished authorities of modern times? Speaking of the religious institution that was established at Rome, ‘Whether,’ says Moyle, (vol. 1, p. 16.) ‘we consider the simplicity of its precepts, or their mighty influence upon the morals of the people, or their admirable application to the ends of civil society, it will appear to have been the wisest and most politic system of religion that ever any lawgiver founded.’ Upon the same subject Gillies remarks, (History of Greece) ‘The venerable superstition of the Greeks was distinguished, above all other false religions, by the merit of doing much good, without seemingly occasioning any harm, to society.’

He errs greatly who believes that the classic writers of antiquity are commendable upon the score of *merely* literary genius, and a uniform, severe chastity of style. Those fine minds were not content that their pages should furnish delight merely, but instruction—they were stu-

* Of the utter misapprehension of too many of us upon this subject, a striking instance, is, perhaps, furnished in the light in which we have been accustomed to view the famous sentiment of the celebrated preceptor of Lucretius, that ‘pleasure is the only good.’ The sportive declaration, or suggestion, of a mind at ease, has been all along regarded as a serious doctrine gravely maintained by an ignorant sensualist. The maxim of Epicurus, that all happiness consists in pleasure, was the result not of his reason, but of the particular circumstances of his life. He possest a large fortune, and yet his *habits* were regular and moderate, for he was a valetudinarian. He owned a beautiful garden, amid whose breezy walks and still recesses,

“Far from the madning crowd’s ignoble strife,”
he dreamed away his existence; and died bequeathing to posterity this charming sentiment:—*Omnium rerum quasad beate vivendum compaverit, nihil magis amicitia, nihil uberior, nihil jucundus.*

dious, always, to *profit*, as well as please, by infusing a liberal and rational morality into their works; the fruits of wisdom to be gathered from their pages, were rendered *attractive*, at the same time, from being enwreathed with the flowers of an airy and elegant, but ever chastened fancy.

The truth is, it has become the fashion, of late, to decry the literature of the ancients, and for no other reason than because, from having been deservedly the object of the mind's adoration, it was soon found and felt to be that, also, of its *despair*.* As Lord Byron said, (in his defence of Pope) we are tired of hearing Aristides called '*just*.' The famous

* As regards a classical education, it is just the education for boys. They retain in manhood, if properly trained in youth, that knowledge of things which was obtained through a knowledge of words—the only knowledge (this latter) that can be successfully taught in early life—which may be said to constitute the first step of the ladder we are to ascend, if we ascend at all. A boy of twelve, or fourteen, studying Adam Smith, Reid, or Stewart, may be compared to a person placed suddenly, and at once, at the top of this ladder—he will either be stationary, or be obliged to descend—he will either know nothing, or what he knows he will know badly. The young mind is mechanical in all its operations; nothing, then, is so congenial to it as the acquisition of words—in itself a mechanical effort and attainment; but, at the same time, it is forming instruments with which its possessor may afterwards build up a goodly edifice; honor to himself, and instruction to others; food for his life, and fame for his death. If there be no royal road to knowledge, neither will any narrow by-path conduct us to it. For this reason we are decidedly opposed to those 'Abridgements,' or works 'in little,' of which the almost daily re-production is now going on among us—the extreme facilities which works of the kind furnish for acquiring what is *called* knowledge, being at the expense of its soundness and thorough accuracy. Such works are too much curtailed to be safe guides to the young beginner. We cannot illustrate this better than by taking a single sample from one of them (*American Repertory*). On the first page of the seventh number of this publication, we are presented with the following:

"*Horatia*, the sister of the Horatii, killed by her brother for mourning the death of the Curiatii."

Would not an intelligent youth, on reading this, be apt to ask—*why*? But the 'Repertory' does not inform him. He is still in the dark, then—he is furnished with the fact, but not the *reason*. *Why* did Horatia mourn the death—not of the Curiatii, but of one of them—and *why* did her brother punish her grief with death? These are the questions which the 'Repertory' should have answered, as, otherwise, it takes for granted the very knowledge it professes to impart. Horatia, then, was *betrothed* to one of the Curiatii, which was the cause of her mourning his death,—and a very natural one it was; but the Roman spirit of the brother was indignant that *patriotism*, even in the bosom of a youthful maiden, should not have been paramount to every other feeling—and this was *his* reason for slaying his sister, who was capable of lamenting the lover in the person of her country's enemy.

This, however, is not the only instance, in the 'Repertory,' (and its kindred works) of historical facts thus curtailed, and *half presented*. It is pretty much the character of those 'Cabinet Libraries' which have recently been published in England, and re-printed in this country. The information which they furnish is complete, as far as it goes—but it does not *go far enough*. These works presuppose, then, a degree of knowledge which, if possest, would render them useless, or at least superfluous; and, if not possest, worse than useless, because calculated, in that case, to supply an *ignorant* learning. Will any one deny that the ample page of ancient literature, 'rich with the spoils of time,' and, we may add, the trophies of genius,—is not worth more, in ten lines, than the whole body of these lame and imperfect 'Compendiums,' which furnish us with facts without their reasons—and effects apart from their causes?

contest once waged between the English and French writers upon this subject, has been foolishly revived among ourselves. The age of these ‘parallels’ is not gone. Now comparisons, it may be remarked, are, in most cases, injudicious. Poets have indeed compared ‘great things to small,’ but only in the way of illustration, and never as implying superiority, or even exact *similitude*. A routed army, for example, has been likened to a flock of frightened geese, or sheep, roused by the hunter—not, we presume, that men are like sheep, or geese, either—though we sometimes find them as timid as the one, and frequently as foolish as the other. But neither Homer, Virgil, nor Milton, in whose pages, by way of illus-

It may not be amiss to advert, here, to a dissertation, read by Mr. Beresford, before the ‘Charleston Library Society,’ in 1799, in which the opinion is express, that the chief objection against the early study of the classics, viz: that it consumes too much of the time and attention of boys—might be obviated by the adoption, in our schools, of ‘double translations,’ in the place of lexicons. This would, no doubt, prove a facilitating plan of study—but would preclude, it is to be feared, an accurate and critical knowledge of the languages in the prosecution of which it should be introduced. Even, however, with the aid of ‘double translations,’ the student would be obliged to resort to his lexicon. The chief use of the translations would be to point out the connexion of the sentences, which it is much more difficult to detect than it is to conjugate, or decline.

The author of the dissertation goes on to say:—‘I particularly recommend the use of double translations, spoken of before,—by which I mean the alternate version of the native and foreign language into each other. This practice is much better suited to impress the sense of the foreign words upon the mind, than the practice of turning the foreign language into the native. Perhaps it may be still better altogether to adopt the habit of turning the native language into the foreign, for hereby the foreign tongue becomes the interpreter of the native, and so preserves the ascendant in the mind.’

Is there not a contradiction here? If the ‘habit be altogether adopted of turning the native into the foreign tongue,’ what other means would then be left for acquiring a knowledge of the latter, except by the use of the lexicon, which the writer would have superseded by that of ‘double translations?’ His plan would thus be defeated by the very means which he recommends to be employed in its adoption. In other words, how is that acquaintance with the ‘foreign tongue,’—which is to enable the student to render the Greek, or Latin, into the English,—to be acquired? Would the writer have Murray’s Grammar turned into the ‘foreign tongue?’ and would he present this grammar, so rendered, to a beginner? The ‘alternate translations’ might answer very well; but, ‘wholly to adopt the habit of turning the native language into the foreign,’ would be productive, to the student, of infinitely greater loss of time than is now occasioned by the use of lexicons.

The writer, in the course of his dissertation, takes occasion to remark:—‘There is not, perhaps, in our language, any single book that contains a set of maxims so wise, eloquent, and spirited, as those of Horace; and, in Lyric poetry, he has not only had no competitor, but scarcely a second.’ To this judgment few will be found to respond. The ‘moral poet of civilization,’ is neither Pope, according to Lord Byron; nor Horace, according to Mr. Beresford. Shakespeare, who ‘wrote all like a man,’ is the only poet, of ancient or of modern times, who deserves to be so characterized. The other remark that, as a Lyric poet, Horace has had no competitor, is a most extraordinary one indeed. To say nothing of the ‘Theban Eagle’ (Pindar) whose ‘supreme dominion,’ as a Lyric poet, was never before questioned,—the odes of Gray and Collins, and,—to come down to a later day,—those of Campbell (few as they are) are worth the whole of the Lyrical, and (we were going to say) the critical and satirical effusions—of Horace, put together—not excepting even the celebrated ‘Epistle to the Pisces,’ which has given rise to so many learned conjectures.

tration, these comparisons abound—are ever guilty of the inverted process of comparing Saturn with its moons, for instance, to the shield of Achilles; or some ‘great god of war’ to a ‘lieutenant-colonel,’ whether ‘Earl of Mar,’ or of any thing else; or, finally, of likening the dome of St. Peter’s to his own house of two or three stories—though whether the first named bard lived in a house, or lived at all—has been called in question by the ‘Profound,’—masters, like Pope’s heroes, in the ‘art of sinking.’

Comparisons, then, are, for the most part, very injudicious things; while, with regard to persons, both the individual compared, and he with whom the comparison is made, suffer by the mistaken and absurd parallel—though in different manner and degree. Suppose, for instance, that every third man we encounter in the street, who might happen to have what is called ‘a good person,’ were forthwith compared to the Pythian Apollo—what would be the consequence? Why, he who, but for the comparison, might perhaps, have past tolerably well in the crowd,—possibly, in the words of Beatrice, as a ‘proper man’—dwindles immediately into a *very* ordinary person, from having been measured by an immortal—an impossible standard; whilst the standard itself suffers disparagement. The silly frog, in the fable, burst its noisome coat in the lofty ambition of rivalling, in bulk, the ox—and little minds are usually guilty of the same egregious aspirations; a wiser reptile would have been content with the lot assigned it by nature.

Models, then, are either *absolutely* such, or they are nothing. The works of the Grecian sculptors are either master pieces of inspired and unrivalled genius, or they are mere blocks of marble—only not so hard as the heads that have questioned their pretensions. There is an end, in short, of all association—the Sublime and Beautiful are words of mere sound, signifying nothing—‘and nothing are these nothings,’ if the mind is to be thus disenchanted, and all its glorious ‘Beings’ brought down to the vulgar level of ordinary humanity. We are blind to the fact that he who has *won the goal, and wears the crown*, can never lose or even share it with another. The honor is emphatically *his*. Before another and a new competitor can hope to participate in the glory of the laurel that graces the brow of his illustrious predecessor, or contemporary, either ‘the memory of the latter,’ in the words of Playfair, speaking of Bacon, ‘must be forgotten,’ or the former must be prepared to run the same Olympic race for fame, and he *must succeed*; his success must be complete; no half way attainments can ever purchase for him the immortal renown of the accomplished and triumphant *victor*. Johnson,—even the gigantic Johnson,—in momentary pique at the sudden and early elevation of his friend and fellow-adventurer, affected to undervalue the *calling* of Garrick—and for no other reason than because that wonderful actor had succeeded (doubtless, in some degree, from the more popular nature of his pursuits) in being before hand with him in the celebrity that seems to have been reserved for his very entrance upon the distinct career which his genius had marked out for itself. The great author, it is true, afterward atoned for the slur he had thrown upon the vocation,—not the merits,—of the great master—by paying the most unequivocal tribute to the transcendent genius of the latter.

Let it be remembered, then, that the manifestations of genius,—in whatever form they may array themselves,—are to be *conserved* as the loftiest, the most enduring, and least equivocal legacy that can be bequeathed to a people; and that *this* has ever been, and must ever continue to be, the true secret at once of the power and celebrity of fine minds. The high and difficult standard which such minds shall succeed in graduating and establishing for themselves, is not to be disparaged or impugned without incurring unmeasured and richly merited rebuke. Are we so poor, so dead in spirit, that with our own hands we proceed to pull down a classic and a costly temple, content to substitute in its place a paltry frame-work of common brick and mortar,—to overthrow a statue of gold, and elevate one of brass upon its violated base? We have indeed ‘filed our minds,’ then, and are fit only for the worship of foul idols and false gods.

Mortifying and discreditable as is the fact, such, nevertheless, is the spirit of depreciation and disparagement,—of *levelling*,—which has of late been directed against the invaluable literature of the ancients—that literature which was so signally indebted to the superior grade of its vitality—to the divine efficacy infused into it by those master minds—for surmounting the bars and barriers,—the sword and the earthquake,—that successively threatened to destroy it; and for surviving ten hundred years of the most profound ignorance, and no less profound oblivion of all and every thing either good or great that had lived and flourished anterior to that disastrous night of the human mind—piercing and throwing back, as with the hand of some God, the thick veil of ages,—making ‘darkness their pavilion’—that had encompassed it; and emerging from beyond those dismal confines,

“——and soaring as it sung,
Shook thousand odors from its dewy wings!”

We had proposed to contrast,—and at some length,—the *spirit* of this literature, in all its more important departments, with that which has presided over letters in modern times—History more particularly—and to inquire, specially, into the *grounds* of those objections, and the arguments employed to sustain them, that have been so repeatedly urged against its claims to that place it has held, still holds, and, we trust, is destined long to continue to hold, in the esteem of all who are capable of thoroughly understanding and properly appreciating its merits. Our present limits, however, will not admit of this. We shall, therefore,—content with merely glancing, here, at a few of these objections,—reserve the task of more fully exposing their weakness and absurdity, for a future occasion.

It may be remarked, then, that the very deduction,—in our estimate of ancient literature—of the various and important advantages,—such as extended intercourse; discoveries (revealed as much by the hand of time, as by the genius of man;) the immensely enlarged circle of the arts and sciences,—enjoyed by the moderns, leaves the merits of the former still the greater—since he who achieves largest with the least aid, is the better genius. That priority too,—as students of the great map of life and nature spread before them,—which was enjoyed by the ancients,

and which has been alleged as the secret source of the inspiration of its authors,—was after all, perhaps, any thing but a real advantage, in many respects; and it required the most consummate taste and talent to avoid, as successfully as they have done, the incongruities and absurdities which this very circumstance, so hastily insisted upon, must inevitably have entailed upon minds less gifted. With a religion like their mythology, it is only wonderful that their writings should have escaped the contagion in the way they have done,—profiting alike by its better and its weaker points,—hoarding the gold, unencumbered by the dross, of that splendid but bewildering mine of the human fancy.

But, as if resolved to find fault with the slipper of the Venus,—the merits of the very language in which the literature of Greece and Rome has come down to us, have been impugned, and an attempt made to defeat its claims,—for, like that which it embodies, it has its own intrinsic claims to admiration,—by virtue of the force and efficacy of a syllogism. The harmony of language, we are told, depends upon the thoughts which it breathes and bodies forth; and that, as the ideas of the ancients were few and meagre, they could consequently have no advantages to boast of in point of language. Unfortunately for this piece of logic, the premises which it assumes are wholly false; the conclusion, therefore, is inadmissible. The harmony of language does *not* depend upon the thought, any more than does the melody of a piece of music upon the words. In the same way, it is true, that fine words will frequently enhance a fine performance in music, so, undoubtedly, will fine thoughts enhance a fine *style* in writing—but *it is the style*; the relation and arrangement of the parts of a sentence; the selection of words, and their proper location—*these* are the constituents in the harmony of language, which, like a beautiful face devoid of expression, will frequently clothe thoughts not unlike those we are now combating; and the very remark of Dugald Stewart,—which has been so complacently quoted as furnishing an argument in aid of those prejudices which have of late been enlisted against the classics,—that on translating a Greek or Latin sentence, which he had imagined to be very fine, he found it altogether commonplace—at once shows that the style does not depend upon the thought—thus foiling our opponents at their own weapons. Those who may happen to know that *hippodrome* does not mean a horse, if they know no more, know enough to be at once sensible of the weight to which this novel and extraordinary objection to the ancient languages (which have in their very mechanism a music which none but an attorney, we should think, could fail to perceive) is entitled—the more extraordinary, indeed, since it takes for granted that which it would be no easy matter to prove at this time of day,—namely, that the ancient authors exhibit *poverty of ideas*. Now, although the philosophy of Lucretius may not be the most profound, however clever for his age and opportunities,—yet it does not follow, we apprehend, that the Homeric poems,—together with the drama of Aeschylus and Sophocles, and the orations of Demosthenes, Isocrates, Cicero and Pericles, exhibit ‘poverty of ideas.’ The most ancient of the authentic historians of Greece, Herodotus, yields the palm to no rival in modern times. In natural philosophy, the authority of the elder Pliny is quoted to this hour; while the celebrated ‘Letters’

of the younger, remain perhaps still unrivalled. Who was the founder of moral philosophy, its promoter, and its ornament? To whom are we indebted for the masterly version of the Septuagint? Who invented Conic sections? By whom was the exact Solar year first fixed and determined? The reply to these questions (and they are not the only ones that might be asked) furnishes us with the names of Socrates, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Apollonius, and Dyonisius of Alexandria. In medicine and surgery, the genius of Hippocrates and Celsus, is scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Sydenham and Hunter—notwithstanding the superior opportunities and immense advantages enjoyed by the latter. We blush to name Aristotle in almost every department of human knowledge. In astronomy there are a host of ingenious minds that threw wonderful light upon that subject in an age of comparative darkness. The laws of gravitation were not unknown to Lucretius, as his attempt to confute them sufficiently shows. The truth is, there is scarcely a writer, among the ancients, whose facts and fancies have not been appropriated by the moderns; and multiplied through all the endless varieties of the Belle Letters and the Sciences. Corneille and Racine,—with powers which, had they been judiciously exerted upon subjects more within the scope of modern taste and feeling,—might have furnished forth a deathless drama for their country, have preferred to tread in the steps of those great Athenian masters whose terrible graces they have failed to transfuse; and whose thrilling and sublime ‘Mysteries and Moralities’ they have unveiled only to exhibit the mere spectres and skeletons of an uninitiated fancy, working upon themes, which it could not comprehend or compass; and attempting to wield elements which it sought in vain to mould or manage. If we turn to England itself, we shall find even Burke, with all his amazing genius—‘meant for mankind,’ if ever human genius was,—deficient, nevertheless, in that *feeling* for the Sublime, which inspired Longinus; and falling immeasurably behind him, therefore, in his conceptions and illustrations of his subject.

With all their ‘poverty of ideas,’ have we approached, or are we ever likely to approach, the ancients in Sculpture, or in Architecture? The ‘Moses’ of Michael Angelo, is perhaps the only work of modern sculpture that does not shrink from all comparison with the master-pieces (those *breathing* models!) of antiquity.

We have already indicated what we humbly conceive to be the true and proper character that should belong to *History*, in pointing out, as we have endeavored to do, the utter and inevitable inferiority of our modern historians; and will now merely add, that if the acuteness and philosophical spirit of Hume, and the bold and romantic turn of mind which distinguished Gibbon, have imparted to their works the interest which those qualities so seldom fail to awaken, it is yet more than problematical whether the merits of the former,—setting aside those large and important deductions, on the score of partiality and partizanship, that are to be made against him,—weigh at all heavier than those of the equally philoso-

* Seneca copies his ‘Medea’ from Euripides; and Mons. *La Perouse* copies from Seneca! Thanks to the Messrs. Baif and Jodelle, who, in the early part of the sixteenth century, first commenced, in Italy, their lame translations from the Greek drama.

phic and far more sublime Tacitus; or whether the claims of Xenophon and Thucydides, may not be said to supersede those of the historian of the 'Decline and Fall.' Havilla and Guicciardini come not within the *penumbra* of these illustrious names of Greece and Rome. And *yet*,—if we are to credit the opponents of antiquity,—the whole Pantheon of ancient letters was the work of an invisible and unknown agency, springing up something after the manner of the armed men from the fabled teeth; or those wonderful islands which are described as suddenly emerging from the deep, radiant in the light of their flowers, 'and redolent of bloom.'

Either this is the conclusion at which we must arrive, or else that the 'poverty of ideas,' charged upon the ancients, rests,—not with *them*,—but their maligners, with whom,—to use a phrase of Bayle's, in speaking of Cardan, an atheistical Italian author,—'sense seems, at best, but an appendix to their folly.' Like Falstaff, they appear to have 'a natural alacrity in sinking;' and having found the bottom (profound enough, in all conscience) we leave them there,—for it is their appropriate level.

TO MISS E——.

Oh! why so early leave me, lady,
 Why leave me all alone?
Is it because thy heart's already
 In cold indifference, gone?
Though swiftly still the hours may go,
 'Tis not yet time to part,
Thou dost not feel—thou canst not know
 My loneliness of heart.

Ah! why so early leave me, lady,
 Why leave me thus alone?
Can months and years of sad regret,
 For one lost hour atone?
Though far my footsteps soon may stray,
 Yet stays my heart with thee,
And while I loiter o'er the way,
 Wilt thou, too, think of me?

Then, leave me not so early, lady,
 Leave me not all alone;
Slow ling'ring tho' our sorrows are,
 Our joys too soon are flown.
Sure then, I shall not ask in vain—
 Awhile yet longer stay;
The morrow comes—but not again,
 The rapture of to-day!

Beaufort, S. C.

ERIN AND LIBERTY.

OCCASIONED BY THE OPENING PROSPECTS OF IRELAND—INSCRIBED TO THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY OF CHARLESTON.

When Freedom came down from the skies with a smile,
And flew round in triumph unfettering the nations;
Ah say, could she pass by the Emerald Isle,
And beam not a glance on its dark desolations?

The soil that contains
Her Emmet's remains;
Could she leave it forever to darkness and chains?
No! list to the voice that sounds loud o'er the sea
'Tis Liberty speaks—'Innisfail shall be free.'

'O land of the west,' cried that spirit of light,
On Slieve Bloom's giant brow, as at last she descended,
'Have I left thee to groan beneath Slavery's night
Thy tears still unnoticed, thy claims undefended;
Dear isle! that has been,
In my battles still seen,
Unrolling, in triumph, thy standard of green,
Have I left thee in bondage to weep o'er the sea?
Rise Erin ma vourneen, arise and be free!

'Can the days of thy Ullin be ever forgot?
The proud plume of war, and love's eye fondly beaming;
Or thy Fingal, the brave, in my battles that fought
Neath the harp-woven banner victoriously streaming?
Or that shout round thy shore,
That the ocean breeze bore.
On Clontarf, (1) when the Norseman lay stretched in his gore!
Arise! let the nations the bright record see,
And ask the proud world why thou shouldst not be free!

'O ne'er from thy annals has faded my name,
The lamp in my temple thou'st ne'er ceas'd to cherish,
In the night of her grief, even Sparta, that flame,
In her fanes dark and ruin'd, once suffer'd to perish,
But 'mid storm and 'mid gloom,
Deep, deep as the tomb,
Thou'st stood, like a vestal, its blaze to relume!
Still faithfully watched, it has gleamed o'er the sea,
From thy shore, through the tempest, the light of the free.

'And even when the cloud hover'd dark o'er thine isle,
Hast thou e'er heard, unmov'd, other nations complaining,
Thou'st forgot thine own griefs and thy fetters awhile,
To lend them thy sword in their toil of unchaining,
'Neath the Andes' high brow, (2)
Where the despot lay low,
The bones of thy patriots bleach even now,
Yes! thine was the war shout I heard o'er the sea,
When burst over Chili the flag of the free!

'O'er Europe's wide plains, when the Eagle of Gaul,
From the heights of Montmartre, spread forth his dark pinion,
And Spain saw her grace and her chivalry fall,
To swell his proud plume and extend his dominion;

By the Darro's deep flood,
 Who over him stood
 With her spear reeking red in his hearts richest blood, (3)
 Whose voice did I hear pealing loud o'er the sea?
 'Twas Erin proclaiming Castile to be free!

'When beam'd o'er Columbia, the light of my star,
 And her heroes rose, link'd in the bright bond of honor;
 With France thou didst answer her shouts from afar,
 And bright flash'd thy sword 'neath the star-spangled banner,
 On Quebec's snowy plains (4)
 Still I trace the deep stains
 Of the best blood that flow'd in Ierne's heart veins,
 How swept'st thou the tear from the eyelid to see
 Columbia arising 'great, glorious and free!'

'When I flew to the west from bright Italy's shore,
 And the sons of the Roman grew faint 'neath the fetter,
 Her lute spoke the language of freedom no more, (5)
 But when did the wild harp of Erin forget her?
 Though dark grew the lyre,
 As it saw me retire,
 Some beams of my smile lingered still on the wire;
 Though muffled, it still breath'd the song of the free,
 And the tyrant grew pale as it peal'd o'er the sea.

'Then rise, my lov'd Erin, no more thou'rt a slave,
 Thou loveliest shore on the ocean's blue waters,
 By the valor that beats in the breast of thy brave,
 By the roses that bloom on the cheeks of thy daughters,
 By the light of their smile,
 By thy patriot's toil,
 By that wild sounding harp that each grief can beguile,
 Here plant I my flag—let it wave o'er the sea,
 Rise, Erin ma vourneen,—arise and be free!"

J. L.

Christ Church Parish.

(1) Alluding to the battle of Clontarf, where Bryan Borhoime conquered the Danes.

(2) When the news of the South American Revolution reached Ireland, numbers of her youth, under the command of General Devereux, embarked for the scene of conflict, and put forth their energies in the cause of liberty.

(3) Salamanca, Vittoria, Badajos, &c., bear witness to the valor of the Irish in extirpating the French despot from Spain.

(4) Here fell Montgomery.

(5) In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier.—*Byron.*

Such has never been the case with Ireland. No period of her oppression, however dark, has banished from her mind the recollection of her ancient glory, or silenced her songs.

DEATH OF GRIERSON.

"Britain's foiled sons, victorious now no more,
In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,
Strive their curse cruelties to hide in vain."
Barlow's Vision of Columbus.

"How sunk, lost victim of th' unpitying grave,
Thy pride so vaunting, and thy arms so brave;
Where now thy haughty boast?"
Trumbull.

CHAPTER I.

THE last rays of the setting-sun had faded from the lofty pine tops, the balmy zephyr, redolent with the perfume of the honey-suckle and the bay-flower, was gently stirring the young leaflets, and twilight was enveloping the skies and scenery in its roseate mantle, so softly and feelingly beautiful in Southern climes, as, on an evening in the spring of 1781, a maiden emerged from the thick shrubbery which surrounded a vine-covered cottage, and making her way through the foliage, seated herself upon a mossy bank that clad, with its velvet verdure, a secluded spot on the brow of a lofty hill. The situation overlooked the little town of Augusta, on the banks of the Savannah River—the indistinct outline of which, with its miniature church spire, appeared in the mists of distance as delicately beautiful as if it had been some aerial grouping of the fairy *Morgana*. And beautiful, too, was that young maiden, as she sat in that low place, though the pale touches of recent anguish were on her cheek, and the impress of melancholy upon her brow, yet were they but as foils to the effect of her beauty; they softened the picture, and gave what was before, perhaps, too much of the *Venus*, a cast of the *Madonna*. The lady was soon joined by a young man, in the uniform of a continental officer, who seated himself beside, and thus addressed her:

"Ellen, my love, I have a thousand pardons to beseech of you, for having failed in my appointment on yester-evening; and I know you will grant them all when I inform you that immediately after leaving you, the day before, I was despatched, by our colonel, to intercept a party of Tories, who were coming to the assistance of the fort—and I have just returned. But dearest, why do you tremble so? Why gaze on me so wildly?"

"You are wounded, James."

"Psha! 'tis but a scratch, which that Tory villain gave me. He grazed my temple, and I pierced his—but we will not talk of that now—I am not hurt much. I have a deeper wound than that, Ellen—nay, do not start, love—'tis but a poetical wound, a wound of the heart. You understand me, *ma belle*?"

"James, James, speak not to me thus—I am too miserable."

"Ellen, my betrothed, then will I be serious. I have come, Ellen, to beg that you will at once put yourself under my protection, and permit me to carry you and your aunt to some place beyond the reach of Grierson, where you may be safe until the siege, at least, if not the war, be ended. Your father may then be induced to give his consent to our marriage, when he finds that all hope of wedding you to Grierson is lost."

"That step, James, would destroy the happiness of my father. I am sure it would—and I cannot, cannot make so good a parent miserable. Say no more about it, James—say no more about it."

"You cannot love me, Ellen, or you would not thus sacrifice my happiness to that of your——"

"Nay, now, ungenerous man, your ardent temperament is ever hurrying you into extremes. James, I did not *now* expect this from you."

"My own Ellen, I was hasty, and have erred. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, upon one condition."

"Name it."

"That you will not again mention the subject, to which you have just alluded. I dare not trust my weakness, James—I dare not. My father has ever been to me a kind and indulgent parent, and I must not be an unfeeling, an ungrateful child. And now hear me—in the presence of yon bright and beautiful witness, I vow it—which, in happier hours, thou hast called 'the star of our love,' as it shone upon us here, in its calm and quiet brightness, all typical of the heaven which reigned within our breasts, a witness to our joy, our love, and our mutual vows—here, in its presence, I vow it—I will never consent to marry Grierson, though for the refusal they do break my heart, aye, and madden my brain. Are you satisfied?"

"I am, I am; and, since you require it, I take your pardon on that condition—and will conform to your wishes, cost what it may."

"And now, James, let me beseech you, as you value my life and happiness, encounter not my father. If you should storm the fort and meet my father in the conflict, avoid him, oh, avoid him, and harm him not, or you are lost to me forever."

"Fear not, Ellen, he shall receive no hurt from me, if I can avoid it."

"Hist, hist, I hear my aunt's voice, she calls me."

"Stay one moment. If it should not be in my power to meet you here to-morrow, will you leave a note for me in the fork of yonder wild olive? I will send my man for it at night. I am in continual apprehension that they will persecute you farther. Do you promise, Ellen?"

"Yes, yes, but you must come to-morrow, if possible—my aunt is very impatient. She calls again—I must go—adieu."

"Adieu my love," and he kissed her hand, sprung down the hill, and disappeared.

James Alexander was an officer in the ranks of the Whigs. Immediately after the commencement of the revolution, which gave independence to our country, he raised a company of riflemen, and joined the Georgians, under the command of Colonel Twiggs, and battled gallantly in the partisan warfare which ensued in Georgia and South-Carolina. He was present at the siege of Savannah, and, after its failure, accompanied the forces which retired into the up-country of Georgia, and remained with his company for some months at the post in Augusta. Then it was that he first met Ellen Howard, who was the only daughter and child of a gentleman that had sided with the royal cause, and was known as one of the most spirited and enthusiastic *Tories* in the colony of Georgia. At the period when Alexander met and became acquainted with his daughter, Captain Howard was absent with the British army,

and had left his family, which consisted of his sister-in-law, or rather his brother's widow, his daughter, and several domestics, at his residence upon the Sand Hills, near Augusta. One Sabbath day, Alexander met the widow and her fair charge at the village-church. He recognized in the widow an acquaintance whom he had some years previously known. When service was finished, he approached the widow and spoke to her, and was introduced, by her, to Miss Howard. After handing them to the carriage, and when about to part with them, the Tory's sister remarked, "Mr. Alexander, I would ask you to call upon us—if I dared—but I am sure that it would displease my brother, if he knew that I had *invited* (and she laid an emphasis upon the word) a *Whig* to our house—and I am sorry for it, as we do lead a moping, solitary life up yonder on the hill—but good morning, sir."

"A marvellously modest hint that,"—said Alexander to himself as the carriage went off,—“and excisely paradoxical, inasmuch as it is both blunt and pointed. Most fair disconsolate, I am obliged to you, however, and for the sake of that little beauty, who accompanies you, I will do what you desire, *invite myself*.” Accordingly, he called upon the scrupulous widow and her pretty niece, the next morning; rendering divers very reasonable and sensible excuses therefor—was well received, and thus commenced an acquaintance between the fair Ellen and himself, which ripened into a sentiment the most tender, and matured into a passion, the most enthusiastic and devoted. Their intercourse was favored by the widow, who was in heart in favor of the Whigs and their cause, as was Ellen also, and she had been so from the commencement of the war, very much to the annoyance of her father. But the time came, when the lovers' dream of bliss was to be disturbed. Their love had hitherto been one quiet and unruffled streamlet of happiness, gliding on its smooth and beautiful way, and murmuring in joy and gladness; but the tempest of sorrow and of suffering came over it, the elements of man's strife and passion were around it, and it swelled into a torrent, that threatened to sweep away their hopes and very beings. After the defeat of the Americans before Savannah, the British commenced the invasion of the up-country of Georgia, and slowly yet successfully were winning the whole State into subjection. The forces of the Georgians were too small to afford effectual resistance, and it became necessary for Colonel Twiggs, who, with his small force, had performed prodigies of valor, to retire into South-Carolina.

The lovers parted—and that parting was, indeed, one of deep and poignant agony. Oh! who can tell, that has not felt it, the wild and fearful desolation, which comes over the spirits of those, who love until their very moral beings seem blended in one impassioned essence, when first they are separated, unknowing when, if ever, they may meet again. Indeed, there is no love in all the heart's experience, more trying to its dross, and more refining to its purer principles—the soul can taste no cup more bitterly drugged than this. Yet, that cup is the crucible of affection, that knowledge, the alchemy of passion. The lovers parted, and Alexander accompanied the march of the patriots into Carolina; where he was long engaged with the partisan forces of that State in detached warfare. In the mean time, Charleston was surrendered to

the British army, which carried conquest and devastation before it into all of Carolina and Georgia. Augusta was garrisoned by a detachment of the British under the commands of Colonels Brown and Grierson. Alexander was engaged in the desultory warfare which ensued during all the summer of 1780 upon the frontiers of South-Carolina and Georgia, and witnessed many of the horrors of that year, when in those States the war for independence became, indeed, a war of extermination; when every evil, which the tools of British tyranny and Tory vengeance could devise, was inflicted upon the suffering patriots and their unprotected relatives, and when nothing was left to them but their swampy fastnesses, and hope, whose still small voice came up from the depths of their bosoms, faint and faltering indeed, but sustaining and encouraging still.

Meanwhile appeared the proclamation of Lord Cornwallis, which, in that year, throughout the South, elicited, in so remarkable a manner, the vengeance of the British and Tories upon their captives, and on the feeble sires and famishing wives and babes of those who battled in the cause of liberty. Yet, from that document of death was derived that which gave new life and vigor to the drooping spirits, the shattered and broken ranks of the Whigs. Even, as the divine *Apis* of the Egyptians is said to have been generated by the very lightnings which destroyed its parent.

Amongst other things, this document declared that "the inhabitants of the provinces, who will not turn out, shall be imprisoned, and their whole property taken from them or destroyed," and, further, "that every militia man, who has borne arms with us, and afterwards joined the enemy, shall be immediately hanged." To this extremity, then, were the inhabitants of the Southern States reduced by this proclamation; they had to join the British army and take up arms against their countrymen, remain neutral and lose that upon which the subsistence of themselves and families depended, or join the ranks of the Whigs. The faint hearted and the timid, who wished well to the cause of independence and their country, but had not the spirit or the energy to give their aid to its defence, being now forced to take sides, were aroused from their irresolution and inactivity, and they joined the Whigs. Many, too, who had at first united with their countrymen in resisting the British power, had, afterwards, discouraged by the triumphs of the enemy and despairing of the success of the Whigs, and fearing for their property, taken the protection of the royal government and remained neutral. They were now compelled to resume their arms under the British banners, or lose their possessions. Thus forced into the field, they joined the patriots and did battle by their sides. There was another class of men amongst the Whigs, who, compelled by circumstances, had once borne arms in the ranks of the royalists, but, when opportunity favored, had deserted to the Whigs. These men were now made sensible, by this proclamation, that they fought indeed, 'with a halter about their necks,' and that to be taken captive by the British was to be submitted to an immediate and infamous death. This reflection, it may be readily imagined, was not calculated to cool the spirit of resistance with which they met their foes.

Encouraged by these effects of the proclamation, the leaders of the partisan forces in South-Carolina and Georgia determined, with renewed

energy and vigor, to strike home for freedom. One of the first efforts which followed, was a movement upon Augusta, which was planned by Colonel Clark, a Georgia officer. He was joined by such of the Georgia troops as were in the field in Carolina; and, amongst others, by James Alexander and his corps. Clark's arrangements for the attack upon Augusta had been made with such skill and rapidity, that the first information of the movement which was received by the garrison, or rather the garrisons, in Augusta—for there were two forts, one near the upper edge of the town and commanded by Colonel Brown, and the other about a half a mile above, and commanded by Colonel Grierson was made at the mouths of the American musquetry, on the 14th day of September, 1780. The forces of the patriots marched upon the garrisons in three divisions. The first division moved upon what was known as the White House, a strong edifice, originally erected as a trading house with the Indians, and situated immediately on the bank of the river, about one mile above fort Grierson. The second division moved upon fort Grierson, and the third, commanded by Clarke in person, marched upon fort Cornwallis, where Brown was in command. The attack was commenced by Major Taylor, who commanded the force which moved against the White House. Brown and Grierson marched out of the forts to the assistance of their friends, who were at the White House, and the small garrisons which were left in the forts being surprised by the Americans, were soon over-powered, and surrendered. The patriots immediately advanced to the assistance of their friends engaged at the White House, and compelled Brown and his forces to take refuge in the house, which was well calculated for defence and to endure a siege. The Americans assailed the enemy in the most gallant and heroic manner, but being few in numbers and without artillery they could make no successful impression. Under cover of the night, Brown added strength to his position, by throwing up works around the house. On the next morning, two pieces of ordnance were drawn by the patriots from fort Grierson and brought to bear upon the house. Immediately afterwards, the only artillerist attached to Clark's command, Captain Martin, was killed, and the guns, being imperfectly mounted, could not be used to advantage by the unskilled soldiery. The conflict was continued with unabated energy, but the patriots could not succeed in dislodging the enemy. Their only hope now remaining was, by investing the house, to cut off all supplies and thus reduce the garrison to submission. Immediately after the commencement of the action, Brown had despatched a messenger to *Ninety-Six*, to inform the commandant of that post of his situation, and to solicit reinforcements. On the 15th, he was joined by a party of Indians, who crossed the river and entered the garrison in safety. The siege was continued until the 18th, when the reinforcement from *Ninety-Six* appeared on the opposite bank of the river; and the hopes of the patriots were crushed. The expedition of Clarke and his associates had been, to the friends of freedom in Georgia, a source of new life and joy. They looked to the attack upon Augusta, as a point from which the light of Liberty should diverge, which would enkindle new fire in the breasts of the despairing patriots, nerve anew the flagging spirits of those who had taken protection, and dry up in the bosoms of all, those waters of

bitterness which had flown from that dark and troubled fountain, ‘the British and Tory ascendancy.’ But they were doomed to disappointment. The patriots were repulsed—that light of liberty in Georgia was quenched in the life-blood of its votaries, and the darkness of despair again came over the souls of the patriot Georgians. Colonel Clarke retreated from Augusta, and disbanded his little army; having first appointed a place of rendezvous, where they should again assemble about the first of September.

Before leaving the neighborhood of Augusta, Alexander determined to visit Ellen Howard. Of the motives, which influenced him in this resolution, I shall say nothing. I leave them to be imagined by such of my readers as have *loved*—as for that other class of gentry, why they have no business with them. Accordingly he proceeded, accompanied by his servant, to the hill near Augusta, on the top of which, embowered in evergreens and embosomed in shrubbery, nestled the little cottage at which his betrothed resided. He reached the foot of the hill, where, with his pencil, he wrote a few hasty lines, and despatched his servant with them to the cottage. They acquainted his mistress with his approach, and requested her to meet him immediately at a place well known to them both, near the foot of the hill, where a remarkably tall pine shot up from amidst a thicket of envious black-jacks, and towered away in disdainful pride, to hold its converse with the winds, and wave its evergreen honors in defiance of the winter’s blast, and the summer’s storm. When the maiden received her lover’s note, she flew to the spot, but scarcely had she left the cottage, when her father, accompanied by a platoon of troopers, galloped up to the gate, dismounted and entered the house. He was met by his sister, of whom he enquired for his daughter, and learned that she had left the cottage a few moments before he arrived. He was about to proceed in his enquiries, when a folded paper, which lay upon the carpet, attracted his attention. It was the note which Ellen had just received from her lover, and which, in the hurry and agitation of the moment, she had dropped as she attempted to place it in her bosom. Captain Howard took it up, glanced over its contents, and, without speaking, left the room.

The lovers had met—and the long months of dreary absence were more than overbalanced by the rapture of that embrace. They had much to say to each other, yet few were the words they spoke. There was eloquence in their eyes, in their attitudes, in the flush of feeling which played upon their features, and there was eloquence in their souls, but their tongues were silent. How true it is, that when those who love with the heart’s purest, most fervent, and most devoted affection—that affection which is free from the grosser particles of earth and the animal, *that passion of the soul*—are together, though they may have had volumes laid up in store for communication at that meeting, yet is conversation an effort to them. Why *need* they speak at such a moment? Why use *words*, those frail vehicles of thought, when they possess an *identity of spirit*, and when their *souls* do hold their converse.

The maiden leaned upon the shoulder of her lover, and his arm encircled her waist.

“I have much to say to thee, Ellen—much, yet does my tongue play

the laggard, and my lips, since they have been blessed with that sweet kiss, seem unwilling to be put to any baser purpose. Why are you, too, so silent, Ellen?"

"For the same reason, I suppose, sir. My lips, &c. Nay, they will not suffer me to finish the quotation."

"Oh most flattering retort! Well, then, they shall have the employment which they affect."

"Hold, sir, hold"—and she covered his lips with her little hand—"at that rate we shall have no conversation to-day, for I have not long to remain. My father was expected at the cottage when I left it. Since we last parted, he has learned from my aunt the history of our acquaintance, and his suspicions being aroused, he forced from her the story of our love, James, and he was angry and vowed vengeance against you. If I stay long here, he may proceed in search of me, and harm may come to you, James."

"Nay, never fear for me—he will not discover us here."

"You lie, false rebel"—exclaimed Captain Howard, as he stepped from the thicket into the presence of the lovers, and presented his pistol at Alexander—"and you are my prisoner, sir." Ellen shrieked and threw herself upon her father, who caught her with one arm and held her from him. Alexander's first impulse was to grasp his sword, but he released it and sprung to the thicket. Captain Howard fired the ball, which penetrated the shoulder of Alexander, and he fell. Captain Howard took his now lifeless daughter in his arms, and ascended the hill. On the way, he met the platoon of troopers, who, on hearing the report of the pistol, had galloped towards the place. He directed them to the spot where Alexander lay, and instructed the non-commissioned officer in command, to send two files with Alexander, alive or dead, to the White House. Alexander had arisen, aided by his servant, who had left the horses, when he heard the pistol fire, and had come to the relief of his master. He was immediately surrounded by the troopers, and being too weak to make resistance, was taken captive and borne away to the White House.

SUPERSTITION OF THE GREEKS.

THERE is something *ingenious* in the very horrors that frequently grew out of the superstition of the ancients. Oedipus is made to commit incest by the very means he adopted to avoid it. Orestes is ordered by Apollo to destroy his mother under a threat of the God's displeasure should he disobey the mandate, which, however, he no sooner fulfils, than the Furies are sent in pursuit of him. Agamemnon is compelled to purchase a favorable wind by the sacrifice of his daughter:

"Bound in Necessity's iron chain,
Reluctant nature strove in vain."

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

"Je n'ai pas entendre dans les cèdres antiques
 Les cris des nations monter et retentir,
 Né vu du haut Liban les aigles prophétiques
 S'abattre au doigt de Dieu sur les palais de Tyr:
 Je n' ai pas repose ma tête sur la terre
 Où Palmire n'a plue que l'écho de son nom,
 Ni fait sonner au loin sous mon pied solitaire.
 L'empere vide de Memnon."

De Lamartine.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE! the benevolent christian, the virtuous poet, the sincere and tender friend, the lover of God, liberty, and virtue; and the enthusiastic admirer of all that is good and beautiful! In the Arab tent, in the deserted and lonely Kahn that occupies some sequestered nook of the hill-side, and presents to the weary traveller its humble accommodations, on the "calcined summits" of the Syrian mountains, on the arid plains of Palestine, in a Turkish mosque, at the wells of Solomon; or exploring with his faithful Arabian steed, the treacherous shores of the Dead Sea; every where penetrated by the same enduring love of excellence; and ever and anon as some sweet surprise gratified his senses, uplifting his soul in prayer to the God who had spread the fair scene before him: who had gratified the early wish of his heart to walk upon the land consecrated by time, and by history, and by the footsteps of our Saviour and his Apostles.

What a charm rests with the name of a man so highly endowed, that he can cast over every object the golden tissue of his own thoughts and feelings, that he can fill with interest and passion and animated action, the most barren desert, and make the blasted rock to pour forth a pure and fertilizing stream of abundance!

How peculiarly is such a man blessed, that he has warmed into healthy action many a slumbering sympathy, fixed into firm resolve many an unsettled purpose, and persuaded by his own good example, inert minds to adopt new and generous resolutions!

What must have been his gratitude and delight when he beheld from the Mount of Olives, the waters of the Dead Sea flashing back the burning sun of the East; when he saw from the same hallowed spot, that Mount Sion, which has listened to the sweet Psalmist of Israel, and Jerusalem, with her ancient towers, her battlemented walls, her mosques, with their blue domes and slender minarets, her churches of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, her solemn silence, and her faded glory!

With what lively admiration must he have roamed through the gardens of Syria, adorned as they are with cooling fountains that reflect an orient sky, with gay kiosques and divans, ornamented with Arabesque sculpture; with hedges of myrtles, jessamines and pomegranates; and sprinkled here and there with beds of tufted grass and parterres of flowers, the aloe, fig and olive trees, and drooping palms and funereal cypresses!

Who would not love to see the Arab light his evening fire against the fallen fragment of some proud temple, or lead his horse and camel to partake of the sacred stream? Who would not wish to see the neat vil-

lages of the Maronites and Druses, to listen to their convent bells, the hum of their industrious population, and the sweet song of the bulbul; as the mingled sound extends itself from summit to summit of their vine-clad and terraced hills? Who would not love to behold the rose-laurel blush forth upon the precipitous sides of Lebanon, to see the convolvulus, with its fringe of verdant tendrils, conceal its damp walls and obscure recesses, like gobelin tapestry, in the gothic halls of the middle age, and to hear the heavenly breeze as it rushes through its bending cedars!—What a picture is that of which the ocean, the sky and the desert are the frame-work, of which these are the elements!

That enthusiasm which is exhibited in the daily walks of some men, can only be awakened in the minds of others by some striking and signal event, as a battle, a convulsion of nature, &c. To some, there is “music in every thing,” and diamonds in dew-drops, whilst others only see in diamonds their representative value. It belongs to few to appreciate to its fullest extent that mysterious influence which external nature exerts over the willing mind, but the humblest capacity can not fail to perceive the nice adaptation of all created things to our wants and pleasures. There are few, indeed, who do not recognize the truth and justice of those comparisons which have been so often made between the transient life of man and the phenomena of vegetation, or who do not entertain some uncommon affection for those famous places where the oracles of genius have been uttered. If God has denied to most of us that profound sensibility, those captivating qualities which, as Goethe expresses it, ‘makes the poet acceptable in the lady’s bower and in the banqueting hall;’ if He has denied to us that discriminating taste, and delicate knowledge of the beautiful in all its various forms with which painters are endowed; He has, by way of compensation, conferred upon us highly improveable faculties.

There are times when almost every one is eloquent. When the mind is subdued and tranquil, it is disposed to hold a communion with silence and with nature, from which folly and levity are excluded. When we are oppressed by serious care, or burdened with grief, we are prone to address ourselves to solitude, and to indulge in contemplation, and even excessive joy sometimes chooses to seek retirement for its expression. There are moments when the mind is in that state of repose which the Grecians gave to their statues, when it balances itself awhile on its pinions, surveys the past and the present, and endeavors to look into the future. Mary, Queen of Scots, when she said, ‘Beautiful France! I shall never see thee more;’ the reflections of Madame de Stael among the fallen fanes of Italy; Murad Bey, when from the pyramid he took a last look at the dominions which were soon to be occupied by the French legions; the army of Italy, when it beheld from the summit of the Alps the plains of Lombardy; the retreating ten thousand when they caught the first glimpse of the Euxine sea—all these instances, and hundreds of others, are proofs of that generous enthusiasm, that strong excitement which natural objects can awaken in certain states of the mind.

That attachment which we insensibly form for those places which have known us a long time, seems to be in a measure allied to that restless desire that prompts us to visit those scenes which are celebrated in

song and story, or on account of their own beauty. Our emotions on bidding farewell to the first class of objects, and those we experience in seeing the second, are frequently very similar, and have their origin in the same mental tendency. At all events the extremes of regret in the one case, and of pleasure in the other, approach very nearly together. Let the sensation be one of exquisite pain or of delight! in either case it purifies, chastens and ennobles. Such are some of the sensations and emotions which are cultivated and quickened by travel. The regret of De Lamartine on leaving the home of his youth, his eyes turned one moment on the shores of France, and the next towards the East, shows how much one can be influenced by those attractions opposite in direction, but similar in character.

'There is friendship,' says the virtuous Cicero, 'only among the good,' and it may be added that only the good are qualified to interpret and appreciate natural beauties. A disposition to travel may be regarded in a great degree as the test of a man's mind, as a disposition to study is the evidence of a desire to improve it. He, therefore, who is possessed with a strong desire to travel abroad, may be presumed to have his heart in the *right place*. His aspirations and his ambition would have, in most cases, a generous character, as the object of travel is almost always improvement in some shape. Those who travel for the gratification of an idle curiosity are few in number. The march of a conqueror is divested of half its terrors if he does not make war against the monuments of art which he meets in his progress. We are disposed to recur, with pleasure, to the expedition of the French into Egypt, and to excuse it on account of the accessions to our stock of knowledge made by the learned men who accompanied it; and we are struck with surprise and admiration when we find Julius Cæsar stopping a moment in his brilliant career to describe the nightingale and listen to its song.

Travellers may be divided into three general classes, and those men who devote their lives to science deserve to rank first. Upon such men God has set his seal. To travel was appointed to be their vocation, and the necessity of obeying it exists in their very constitution. They are among the benefactors of the human race, and contribute, in various ways, to its amelioration. They are, in general, men of too much modesty to desire to attract the public gaze, and are chiefly known by the instruction and benefits conveyed in their writings and example. They are as unlike political demagogues, 'full of sound and fury signifying nothing,' as Hyperion is to a Satyr. Such men are characterized by a sincere love of truth, by a warm and enduring affection for that which is excellent, and are incapable of descending to misrepresentation or abuse. Their's is the inductive system of demonstration, for, as they know that 'there are more wonders in this world than poets have dreamed of,' it is enough for them to exhibit facts to show forth in its true colors what they examine. They are possessed of great moral courage and decision of character, and of singular energy and perseverance in investigation. Their sensibilities are almost beyond their own control, and yet they inherit that firmness of purpose which virtue alone can give. The sphere of their action is almost as well ascertained as that of the plants, and their lives are like those quiet every day unobtrusive

virtues which keep society in order. ‘When will you be ready to go into the interior of Africa?’ said Sir Joseph Banks to the American Led-yard. ‘To-morrow morning,’ was the reply. ‘Have you a mind,’ said Kastner one day to the traveller Niebuhr, ‘to go into Arabia?’ ‘Why not?’ replied he, ‘if any one will pay my expenses?’ ‘The king of Denmark will do that,’ said Kastner. Pre-eminently distinguished in this class stands Humboldt, whose conception is as lofty as the summits of the Andes, and whose mind embraces in its extensive range all the arts and sciences.

A second class, and by far the most numerous of all, comprises those who travel to complete their education, or, for their own advantage and improvement, either professionally or otherwise. The merchant, the gentleman and scholar, the book-maker, the physician, the legislator and the soldier, all have a cardinal object in view, to which all others are correlative or subordinate. Many votaries of fashion and oracles of wit are included in this category; and numerous are the choice flowers of literature and sentiment that are culled by its various members.

In the third class we embrace those *par excellence* who travel because others travel, because they have the means and may as well do that as any thing else, or, perhaps, in order to attain to the *clique* of travelled gentlemen. To such individuals a beef-steak and a pyramid, a candy-shop and a colisseum are viewed with the same satisfied indifference and self-conceit. In the fixed, imperturbable, solitary, monotonous nothingness of their existence, they are as incapable of care as of thought. They would scarcely condescend to bestow a smile, much less a kiss, upon a flower girl, however pretty she might be, and they would listen to ‘the song and oar of Adria’s gondolier,’ the miserere in the Sistine chapel and an opera in La Scala or San Carlos, without the slightest emotion. Their brain is as well organized as a Connecticut pumpkin, and, as Lord Abercorn said of his trees, ‘they have nothing to do but to grow.’ As they do not *talk*, you may suppose that they *think*: but no such thing—their features are as inflexible as the walls of the Bastile, and nothing less than the contact of a cart-wheel can make them ‘flare up’ from the water-level of their existence. They are a great—blank in creation. ‘I have made the tour of Europe,’ said a traveller of this description. ‘So have your trunks,’ rejoined a by-stander.

There is another set of travellers who are becoming so numerous and well organized, that they almost deserve to be classified. To this *engeance* belong the Halls, the Hamiltons, the Trollopes and the Fidlers, ‘*et id omne genus*’ of our time. These individuals tell a great many bitter truths which it does us no harm to hear. As the bird has fluttered well, there is no doubt the shaft has, in many instances, hit the mark. On the other hand, however, these writers or travellers if one will, are unreasonable in uttering so many silly falsehoods. This comes, no doubt, from being compelled to correct their first impressions in order to conform to their system. These men are disgusted with all our hotels, and there is some reason in it too, but, like Mr. Fidler, they are perfectly comfortable when in a miserable hovel in his British majesty’s dominions. They have all the elegancies of life, but, like Mr. Hamilton, they think it no disgrace to smoke a segar in a parlor, and spit through the window, as Mr. H. happened to do at West Point.

Of all those who have it in their power to travel but will not—who prefer to lounge about hotels and walk our pavements, much need not be said. A dying cardinal said to a young man who was asking for a situation, ‘trouble me no more: you shall not have the place while I live.’ ‘Eh bien! j’attendrai monseigneur!’ was the answer. ‘*J’attendrai*’ ought to be the motto of all those who have the wish, the inclination to travel, but not the means. They ought not to despair: such a reasonable ambition may at some time be gratified.

As to the advantages and pleasures of foreign travel, how much might be written, if we had time and space left. ‘Qui no ha visto Savilla, no ha visto maravilla,’ says the Spanish proverb. If this is true of one town, it certainly is so of the whole world. Those who remain stationary contract one set of thoughts and feelings suited to their immediate sphere of observation, which is necessarily somewhat circumscribed. Such men want a stirring up and staving about. In most cases, perhaps, they know of nothing better than their own mode of life; for, if they did, they would certainly ‘go abroad and see the fashions.’ They may be stupid enough to feel content where they are. Even testaceous animals have this feeling of contentment, and some of them have very strong *attachments*, too, although not very *pure* ones. Travelling improves the heart and enlightens the understanding, and, like music, it excites tender emotions without stirring the passions. It presents society to our improved perception in all its aspects, phases and relations—it enables us, by comparison, to discard those prejudices which we all have, teaches us that all the world are not fools because they do not speak and act like ourselves, and restores to the mind that elastic spring of which torpor and inaction have deprived it. It teaches us how vice may assume the form of virtue, how intolerance may be engrrafted upon ignorance, and leaves us to appreciate hospitality, integrity, simplicity of character, modesty, self-distrust, and many other rare virtues. We learn how insignificant a unit one man is in the great scale of creation, and how few pages he is capable of reading of the book of Nature that is open before him. We become acquainted with new institutions, new languages, new social systems and domestic relations, and know how to familiarize ourselves with new habits, usages and modes of life, and acquire new and pleasing trains of thought.

And then, there are numerous little gratifications *sub rosa*, that await the traveller. What a pleasure to witness the ‘thousand nameless indications of the tender passion,’ to indulge in those little episodes of feeling that occur like Oases in the desert, to multiply all those tender impressions and regrets that strew with flowers the pathway of human life, to hear an Andalusian (reader, have the goodness to accent the penultimate of that word, and hiss the a a little) maiden say a ‘Dios caballero,’ or to drink goats’ milk and dance with the peasant girls of Italy and Germany. But these are bagatelles which ought not, perhaps, to have been introduced into this serious essay. They form, however, a nice little cycle of incident with which to fill up chasms in one’s history. * * *

To the traveller, Nature is altogether magnificent—her various aspects are beautiful and striking—her energies amazing. To him she is lovely in her painted sunsets, in her morning hour and in her starry

night—lovely in the tracery of her blue streams that roll between gorgeous banks of flowers, in her glassy lakes, in the tumultuous grouping of her crested waterfalls and laughing hills, in her yellow harvests and gleaming foliage, in her glades, and lawns and verdant valleys. She is solemn and awful in the shadowy gloom of her primeval forests and deep recesses—grand and imposing in her snow-capped mountains that pierce the heavens and greet the setting sun when the shades of night have fallen upon surrounding objects—and she is mighty in the power and extent of her belt of ocean waters that flow against polar ices and equatorial sands. The Divinity is every where present.

“Do quiera que los ojos
Inquieto torno en cuidadoso anhelo,
Allí, gran Dios, presente
Atónito mi espíritu te siente.”

CAROLINA MELODIES.

NO. I.

THE HARP OF THE WILDERNESS.

I.

Dear Harp of the Wilderness, gladly,
With my rude hands I strike thee again;
'Twas but late that we parted all sadly,
And sorrow was mix'd with thy strain.
The dew-weeping moss was upon thee,
And it weighed thy light strings to the earth,
While the spirit that silently won thee,
In thy master's own sorrows had birth.

II.

But the night of my sorrow is over,
And the gloom of my spirit is gone,
I have sought thee, once more, as the lover,
Seeks fondly some desolate one.
I have found thee, though silent and shaded,
Thou art mine and I strike thee again;
Not a note hast thou lost, nor has faded
One memory of love from thy strain.

III.

No longer, in silence, forsaken,
Thou utterest thy desolate song;
I have found, and again I awaken,
Each feeling note treasured so long.
To the exile, what strain can be dearer,
Than that which he heard in his youth;
To the minstrel, what sweeter or clearer,
Than the song of affection and truth?

THE GARDEN WALK.

"Dass dieser Augenblick in unserm Leber Epoche mache, könner wir nicht verhiradrn;
aber das sie unser werth sey, hängt von uns ab."

Die Wahlverwandtschafter.

This moment will be an epoch in our lives *that we cannot hinder—but it is ours to say whether it shall be one worthy of us or not.*

I.

She looked from out her window forth, amid the twilight warm,
Sad dreams, sad thoughts clung 'round her mind, while o'er her slender form
She wrapt a crimson cloak, and passed by stairway and saloon,
Beneath the lofty-columned porch, and reached the garden soon.

II.

She entered—all the waking flowers had oped their little eyes,
And seemed to watch her mournful face with pity and surprise;
For Heaven was bright, and earth was gay, and all was joy and life,
But neither sky nor land could soothe her troubled bosom's strife.

III.

With self-possessed and thoughtful look, the lady forward came,
But was the flush, which tinged her cheek, the hue of pride or shame?
And in that look, so fixed and still, what mingled feelings meet!
Despair and Hope, and Love and Fear—how bitter, yet how sweet!

IV.

She looked up with imploring eye, like birds whom serpents charm,
Then dropped, with sudden gushing tears, her forehead on my arm,
Oh God! thy children seek thy aid—the needed help supply,
For in *this* trial human strength and earthly power must die.

V.

God gave us, dearest, strength to choose, the wise and better part,
With firm resolve to trample down the wishes of the heart;
And from the ashes of that heart to find a power arise,
A nobler, self-directing power, which pain and joy defies.

VI.

As when the lightning flash is past, the night falls doubly black,
So, with intenser solitude, my loneliness comes back;
But on a higher ground I stand, in past experience strong,
And bless the pair which gave the flower, a knowledge won from wrong.

VII.

Then mourn not, gentle heart, nor weep because the law of life
Has parted us. Go thou, and be a happy, loving wife;
And as I pace my distant road, o'er mountain, wood and plain,
My soul by high resolve is nerved, drawn from this hour of pain.

J. T. C.

Louisville, Ky.

FROM OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE 'COLTON PAPERS.'

We are glad to perceive that the literary remains of the gifted and ill-fated author of 'Lacon,' are about to be laid before the public. That they will be found worthy of his genius—though most probably written at uneasy intervals snatched from the cares of an eventful and unhappy life, and the tortures of a frame preyed upon by disease,—we can entertain not the smallest doubt.

We remember Mr. Colton well,—having enjoyed the advantages of an unrestrained literary intercourse with him, during his sojourn in this city, ten years ago. The circumstance which seemed to us to characterize the intellectual man, was that of his entertaining upon every subject—every subject, at least, that admitted of reflection—a *leading idea*, which he proposed to himself as a mathematician would a problem, or proposition; and, in nine cases out of ten, this idea,—if not strictly true,—was, nevertheless, ingenious; and served to evince the high order of his mind. A common intellect deals, always, in the petty details of a subject—or, at all events, reasons at random; and, armed, frequently, with stubborn facts, will sometimes succeed in arresting the argumentative career of the finest mind;—it can see nothing beyond the facts themselves;—it takes them as they are;—and defies you to draw any other conclusion from them than that to which common sense lends its sanction. The grand characteristic of the higher order of minds, is to overlook, in a great measure, the minute relations of a subject; and to consider the subject itself,—freed from those little perplexities which only tend to impede the understanding, in the first instance; and the fine light in which such minds will usually place their subjects, will often serve to clear up and explain those *nugæ deficiles*, which it is the business of an inferior intellect to unravel at the commencement—after which it stops short, and is done with the matter. This marked peculiarity, or trait, in the mind of Mr. Colton, evinced itself so invariably, as sometimes to have the appearance of a happy intuitiveness—while it was, in fact, the result of habits of frequent and profound reflection; nor, indeed, could it have well been otherwise,—except we suppose the case of actual and immediate inspiration. This peculiarity pervaded the *conversation* of Mr. Colton; and may occasionally be detected in his 'Lacon';—and, if it served to impart an air of sublimity to grave subjects, it gave, at the same time, an interest and a grace to lesser and lighter matters. This leading feature of the mental man,—whether he appeared as the broacher and supporter of a question in morals; the essayist upon a fashionable topic; or the poet put in requisition to eke out an acrostic,—was still to be detected; and was, indeed, alike manifest on either matter. If this main idea was sometimes wrong,—either outweighed by the evidence of facts, or analogically defeated as an hypothesis,—still it had the merit of ingenuity of a higher sort; and, though proved to be an error, it still appeared philosophically true.

The distinct and frequently sublime apprehension and appreciation of an important or an interesting fact, which would take possession of Mr. Colton's mind, had the almost inevitable effect of leading him, at times, to dwell upon the subject before him to a degree which a mind, not permitted to see it in the same point of view, would perhaps have pronounced fatiguing; but which rarely failed to reflect a portion of the fine light shed abroad upon his own mind, on that of the person with whom he might converse—provided the latter had sufficient patience to wait for the transmission; and his understanding was not too dense to be penetrated by the ray, and thus turn it aside.

In a conversation we had with Mr. Colton, just before he left this country, he promised that in eighteen months we should see from his pen a work that would eclipse his 'Lacon.' His design was most probably thwarted by circumstances, and the 'fine Roman hand,' displayed in his 'Lacon,' can now furnish us with no more records to enlighten, to gladden, or to grieve the mind! Strange power of genius, which can thus infuse regret into the hearts of thousands who may never have known its possessor! Mr. Colton partook largely of this unsafe gift—all who knew, *admired* him; no one felt *with*, or for him.

His manners and appearance were singular; and his conversational powers extraordinary—they seemed equal to all subjects; and we think excelled those of his pen.

His *egotism* was excessive, and partly attributable, no doubt, to the low association he had manifestly been addicted to in England—since nothing tends so much to repress the propensity (inseparable from the consciousness of superior powers, and difficult to restrain) as good society.

We have said that Mr. Colton's appearance was singular—his *eyes* corresponded more with the description, given by Mad. de Stael, of those of Napoleon, than any we ever remember to have seen. Of grey—extremely penetrating—they were themselves impenetrable.

The aptness and appositeness of his *illustrations*, were truly surprising. Nature and art were alike put in easy requisition by the man of genius and the scholar; and, altogether, we thought him the most triumphant man in conversation we had ever met with.

Of his 'Lacon,' we think its reputation has exceeded its merits, various and rare as are these—the reverend gentleman *spoke* better than he wrote.

That fine mind has now passed away! Like the colors in Sir Joshua Reynold's portraits,—which are said never to have appeared to advantage, till the oil, or varnish, he used, in the words of Mr. Jackson, 'had attained its maximum'—the genius of Mr. Colton,—obscured, or, rather, kept under, by the circumstances of his life,—only required time, and more fortunate auspices, in order fully and unequivocally to have vindicated its lofty pretensions, and amazing powers. But he has perished in his prime!—and his death, like his life, was unhappy. Let no one, however, venture to sit in judgment upon either, who shall be incapable of tracing in their own bosoms the secret and mysterious springs of human action; and who cannot, therefore, rightly appreciate the conduct of those whose lives have perhaps been constrained into a practical illustration of principles which phlegmatic theorists have labored in vain to expound in their closets. 'Judge not, lest ye be judged,' is one of the first injunctions of Scripture—the liberal Christian will make it his text.

'THE POETRY OF LIFE,' BY SARAH STICKNEY, IN TWO VOLUMES—CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD—PHILADELPHIA, 1835.—Mr. Percival exclaims (somewhere in his 'Clio') 'the world is full of poetry!—and Mrs. Stickney has *shown* us that it is so—only that the poetry of which *she* speaks, is the 'poetry of life'—that alluded to by Mr. Percival, the poetry of books—a very different sort of poetry, if not in nature, certainly in *degree*. Nature and art,—and those human affections that derive solace from the one, and throw a charm around the other—are indeed 'full of poetry!—but how few are the gifted minds, in any age, capable, if we may so phrase it, of embodying this poetry in appropriate words—'words that *breathe*, and thoughts that *burn*?' It is when *such* thoughts are clothed in *such* words, that we feel the wonderful efficacy of poetry,—

"Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore;"

it is *then*, and then, only, that we learn to prize it both as the ornament and the glory of an age; and feel how disparaging, how unworthy, is that view of it which would persuade us that it is calculated only to *amuse*. Many (whose amazing powers, on almost all other subjects, none will dispute) have suffered themselves to take this most mistaken view of the character and capabilities of the noblest and most intellectual of the Arts. It is the vulgar view entertained of the subject, by those who are unfitted by nature, and, possibly, by the course of their habitual studies, for *feeling* the power of fine poetry; and who are, therefore, ignorant at once of its nature and its claims.

The Greeks, at the politest era of their literature, looked with very different eyes upon the divine vocation of the Bard; and approached with very different feelings his costly and immortal labors. In one of the wars of the Republic, certain soldiers, who were about being put to the sword, were immediately spared upon their repeating one of the verses of Euripides; and the finely conceived compliment paid by Isocrates to Athens—that its unrivalled achievements in literature and the Arts, had rendered the *Greek name* the representative, not so much of a particular people, as of a particular state of *civilization*—proves to us the truly enlightened, the *just* estimation in which 'dame Memory and her Siren daughters,' were held by a people the most polished and intellectual that the world has ever seen, or is ever likely to see. That other view of the subject, entertained among ourselves, is the reason why, in lieu of the genuine strains of the poet, we are sickened and scandalised by the wretched rhymes daily and hourly reproduced in the 'Souvenirs,' 'Albums,' &c. of the age; and from the contagion of which (the worst of all possible contagions) even our periodical literature is not entirely exempt. Contempt thus threatens to be brought down upon an art capable of higher and better things; but which, assuredly, is not responsible for the combined temerity and imbecility of those who abuse it—mistaking the mere tinklings of their brass, for the golden melody of the Memnon of the Muses. The pertinacity, too, with which this rhyming tribe continue to pour out the abortions of their folly upon the public, reminds us of the anecdote related of James VI. and the preacher, who, discoursing one morning in a strain not very agreeable to the ears of the Monarch, was interrupted by the latter, who indignantly observed, 'I tell thee, man, either speak sense, or come down'—to which very reasonable demand the stubborn divine as stoutly replied, 'I tell thee, man, I will *neither* speak sense, nor come down'—a truly des-

perate determination at which the unfortunate Monarch might well have turned pale. Just so, however, with our self-styled bards—they will neither rhyme after any fashion of reason, nor cease rhyming.

The accomplished author of the pages before us, treats with much ability of the nature and sources of poetry. She has evidently brought to the task a highly cultivated mind; extensive reading; fine taste; and not a little of the inspiration of her subject. She writes with all the feeling and the *tact* of a woman, combined with the sounder reasoning of a more masculine mind; and we cordially commend her pages not alone to those who have a soul for the subjects of which she treats, but to all whose feelings and ideas are not limited by the narrow horizon of this 'working-day world.'

CONTRIBUTION OF CHARLESTON TO NATURAL SCIENCE.—The following encomium upon two natives of our State, cannot but be grateful to every Carolinian, particularly as it is from a work of the loftiest reputation in Europe. In the seventh volume of the '*Histoire Naturelle des Poissons*', they are thus handsomely introduced by Cuvier and Valenciennes:

"M. M. Holbroock et Ravenel,* de Charleston, nous ont adressé deux envois, qui nous ont mis à même d'enricher et d'claircir, l'histoire des l'omotis et des genres voisins, seulement ébauchée, si l'on peut s'exprimer ainsi, dans notre troisième volume."

Their contributions are particularly noticed from pages 343—51.

"Nous avons reçu ce véritable *Centrarchus sparoides* on a neuf épines, en nombre, de Charlestown, par M. Holbroock."

"Nous avons décrit sous le nom de *Pomotis gulosis*, cette nouvelle espèce d'après un individu empaille. Depuis nous venons de recevoir de M. Ravenel des individus en meilleur état, conservés dans l'esprit de vin. Nous nous sommes assurés que la langue et les palatins ont des dents en velours ras, de sorte que c'est parmi les *centrarchus* qu'il faut ranger ce poisson."—p. 345.

"Ce sera un *centrarchus* à trois épines; M. M. Holbroock et Ravenel ont trouvé dans les mêmes eaux un autre *centrarchus*, qui n'a que trois épines à l'anale."—p. 345.

"*Pomotis Revenelii*.—Une seconde espèce a le profil du dos beaucoup plus rectiligne et descendant plus obliquement, ce qui la fait paraître comme bossue à la base de la dorsale. Les dentelures de l'angle de son préopercule sont plus fines. Le corps paraît plus doré. Sa longueur est de huit pouces."—p. 349.

"*Pomotis Holbroockii*.—Une troisième espèce a les dentelures de l'angle du préopercule aussi fines que la précédente. Le profil du ventre est plus rectiligne, et on compte deux rayons mous de plus à l'anale. Les couleurs sont semblables à celles du vulgaire. La portion molle de la dorsale a des taches noires plus larges et plus foncées.

"Cette espèce, envoyée de Charlestowne, par M. le Docteur Holbroock, atteint à près de neuf pouces."—p. 350.

One of these gentlemen, we are happy to understand, has devoted his talents to illustrate the Herpetology of his native State: the other has directed his researches

* Among the specimens furnished and described by these gentlemen, we find in vol. 7, p. 342, *Centrarchus viridis*; p. 351, *Pomotis gibbosus*; vol. 9, p. 401, *Rhombus longippinis*; p. 430, *Percha trucha*; p. 475, *Otolithus Carolinensis*; p. 481, *Hæmolon arcuatum*.

to the Conchology of the South. Their zeal and qualifications promise not a little to the literary name of Charleston.

This valuable standard work of Cuvier and Valenciennes, has been lately added to the costly department of Science, Natural History, of the Charleston Library Society.

GODWIN'S LIVES OF THE NECROMANCERS.—This is a valuable work, and contains much useful information. It is by the celebrated author of Caleb Williams, than whom no writer of the present day (if he may with propriety be said to belong to *our* day) wields an abler pen. His style unites, in an unusual degree, simplicity with vigor. No work of the kind, with which we are acquainted, embodies so much information within so narrow a compass, and we do not perceive that the tone of speculation in which its author indulges, is ever objectionable. On the contrary, when speaking of christianity, his language is peculiarly guarded, and no intimation is given from which it may be inferred that he is not a firm believer in its divine truth. Whoever wishes to see the arts by which imposture, in a thousand forms has, in every age, deluded the minds of the unthinking multitude, fully unveiled, should get, and read carefully, this book. The work may be obtained at Mr. BEILE'S.

THE YEAR BOOK AND ASTRONOMICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL ANNUAL, BY MARSHALL CONANT.—We have been politely favored by Mr. BABCOCK with this excellent work from the press of Messrs. Munroe & Francis, of Boston.

Though not so attractive in its external appearance as some of the Annuals which we have seen the present season, yet it contains a much larger amount than any of matter interesting to the scholar and man of science. It is divided into three main divisions. The first treats of astronomy in general—gives an exposition of its principles, and points out the true method of studying the science. The second part consists of extensive astronomical calculations, made for several different meridians and parallels, and fitted for general use in all parts of the United States. The third part is made up of miscellaneous articles, including, among others, useful and agreeable notices of recent inventions and discoveries in the more practical departments of Science and the Arts. From a cursory examination of the work in each of these departments, we are inclined to entertain a very favorable opinion of the ability with which it is executed. The portion devoted to comets is particularly rich, and, at this time, more than usually interesting. The miscellaneous articles, at the close of the work, contain much rare information useful to all classes of readers.

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